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On Our Backs

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JUNE / JULY 1999

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15th Anniversary Issue

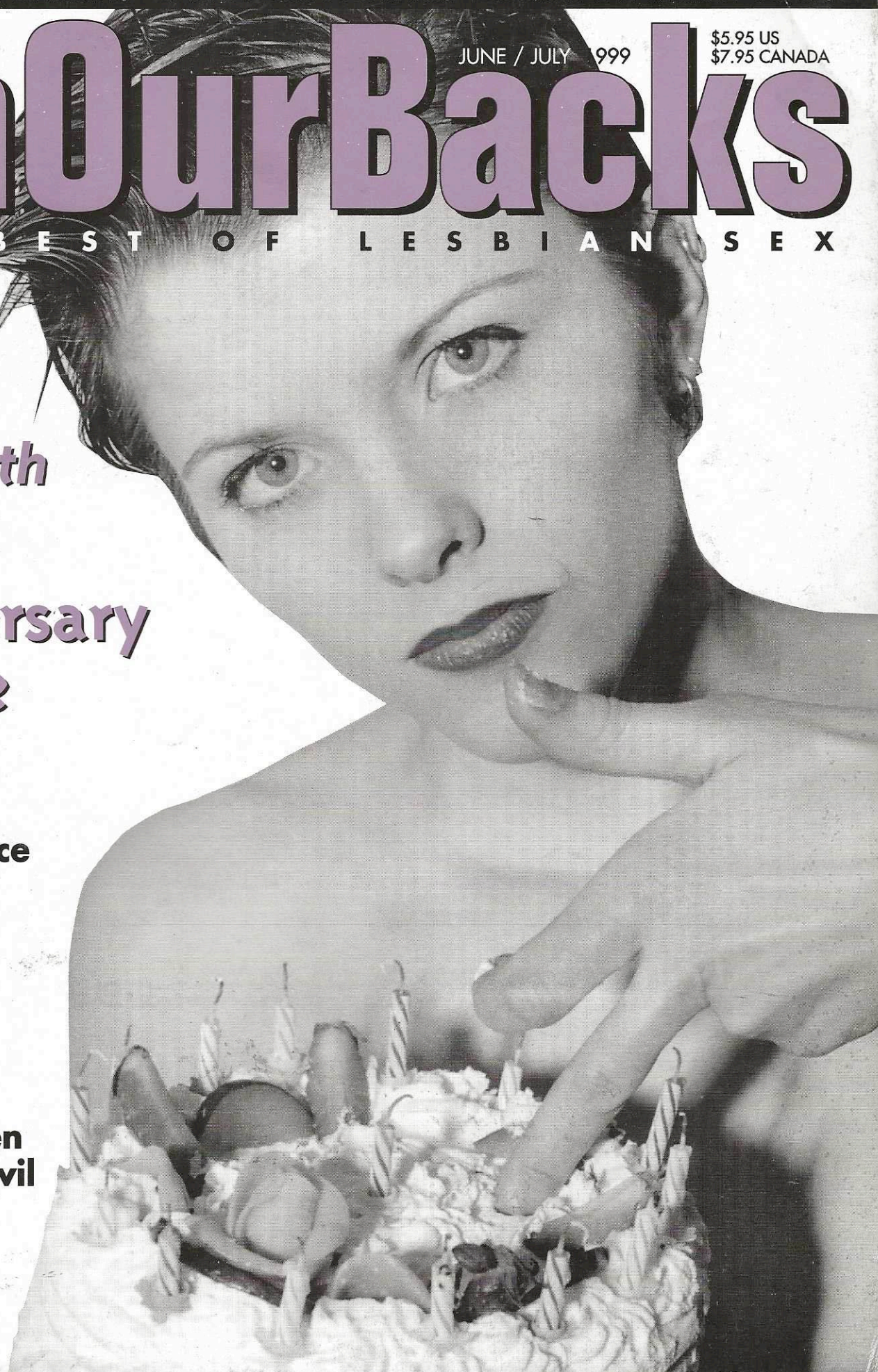
**Barbara
Smith**
on sex & race

**Is SM
extinct?**

**Wolfie
& Eris**
in the garden
of good & evil



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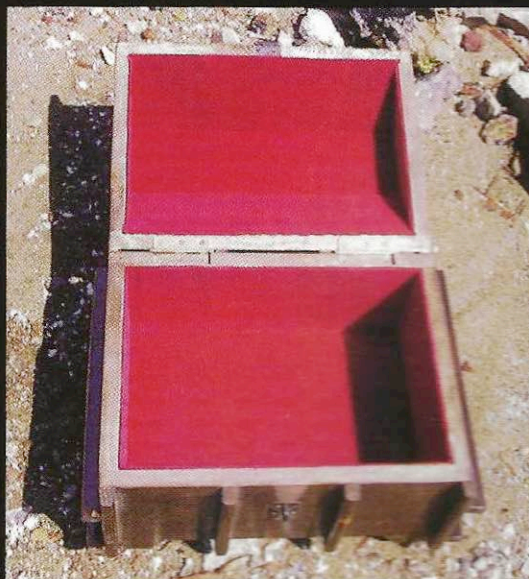
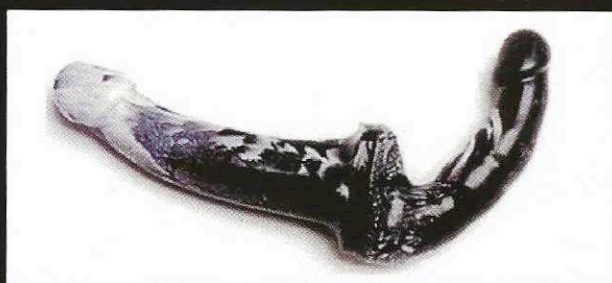
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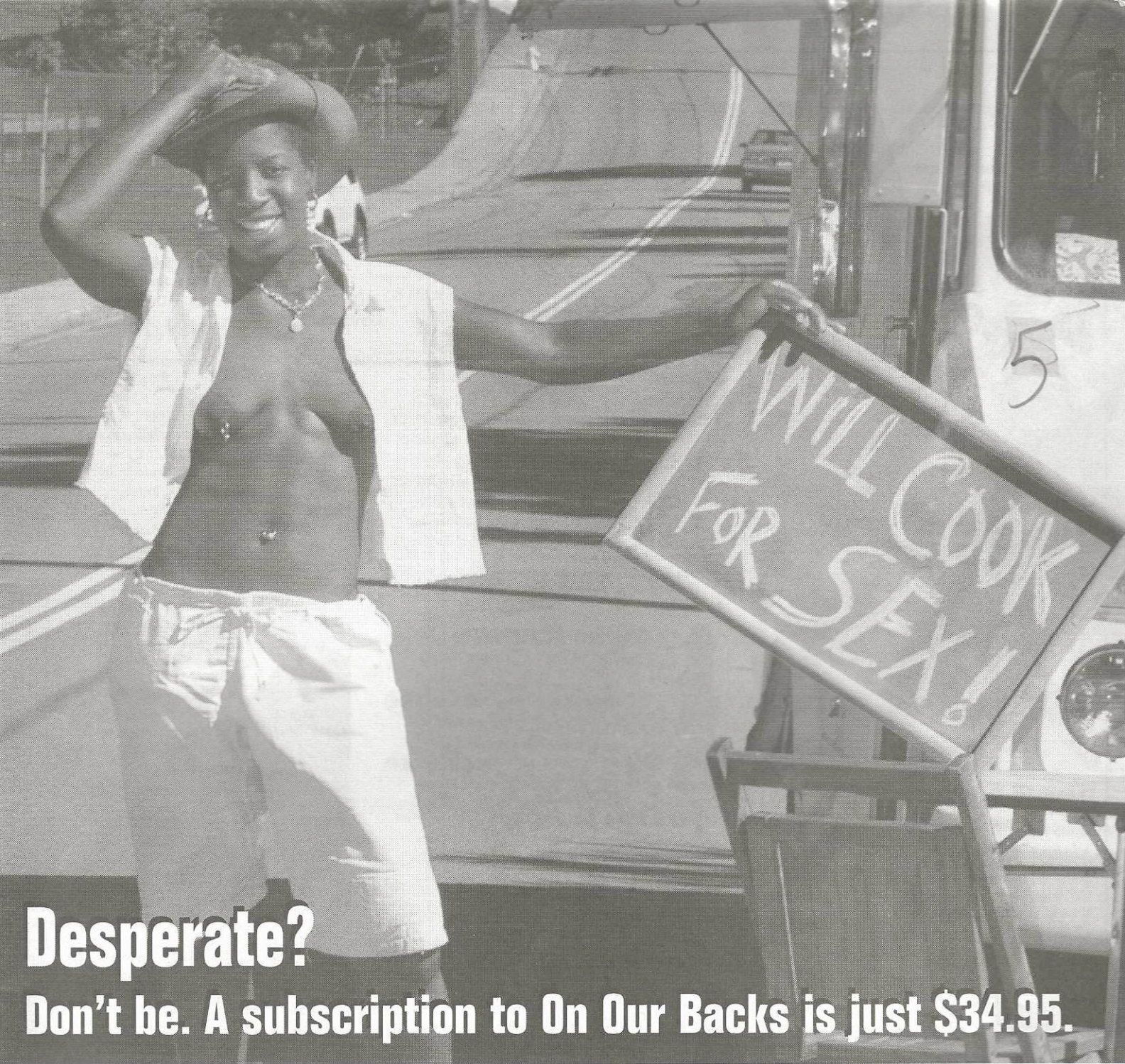
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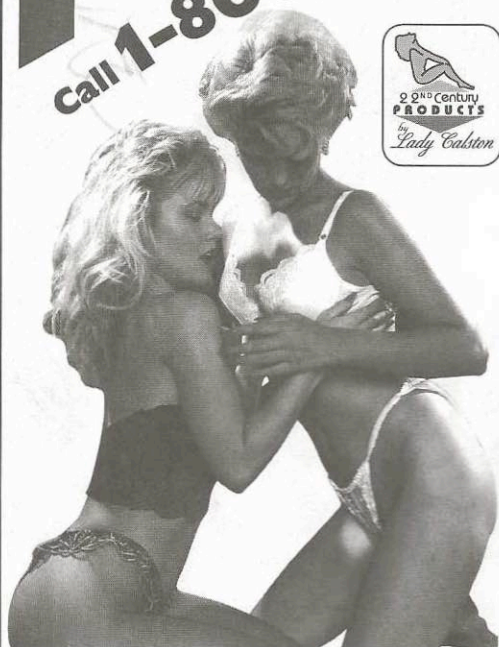
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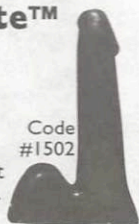
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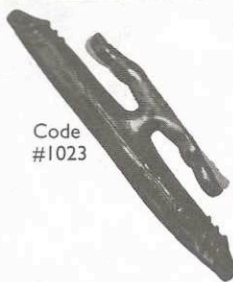
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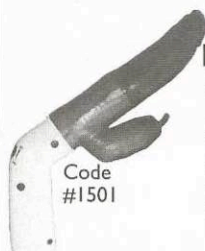
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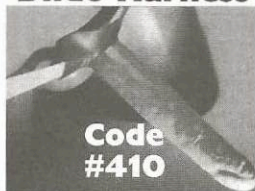


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Volume 14, Issue 3

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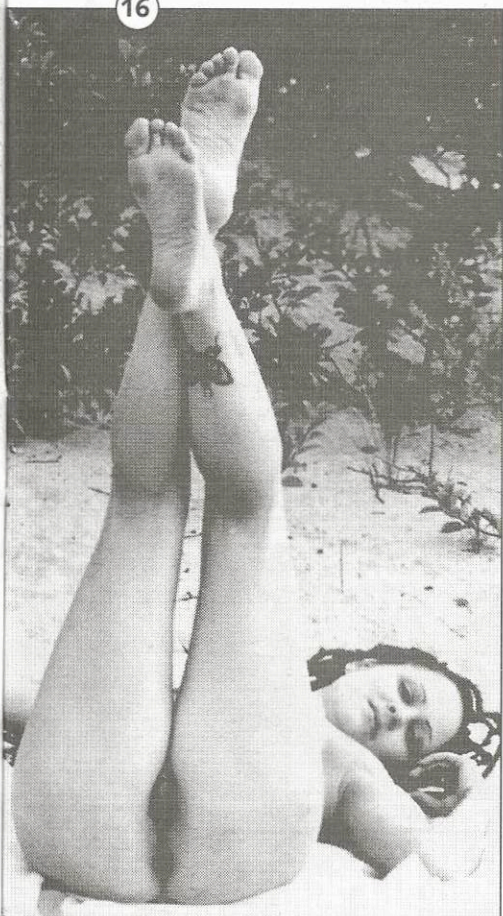
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On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

June / July 1999
Volume 14, Issue 3

On the cover: Photographer Laurence Jaugey-Paget catches Sophie with her finger in the pie.



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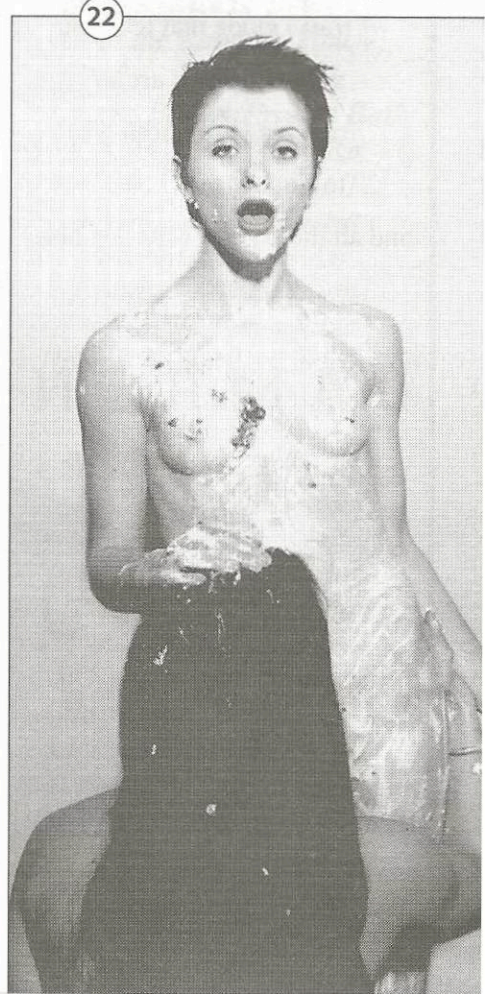
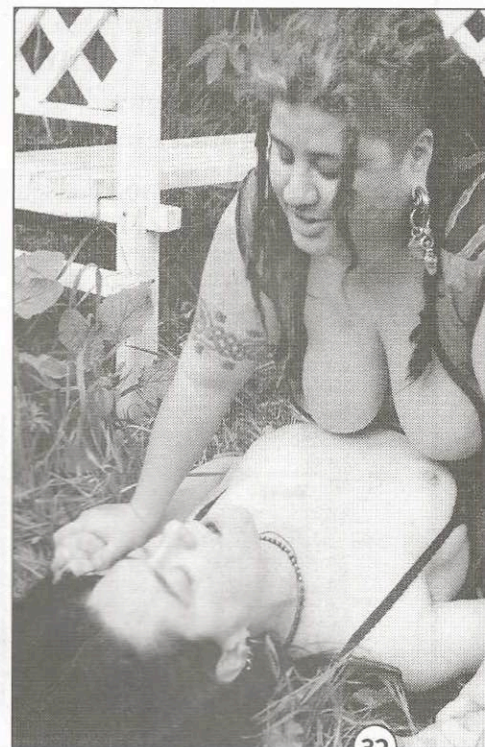
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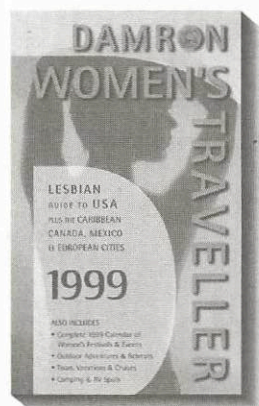
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are invisible
has never
travelled with us!



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contributors

Compiled by Lori Selke

Karen Kay Tritten, author of “The Primrose Pilgrimage” (page 30), wants us to know that her photo “was taken after a night of carnal exuberance with a distaff editor of a cigar magazine. She taught me about Cohibas, and I taught her to blow smoke rings below the waist.” She lives in San Francisco.



Karen Kay Tritten

“I loved the opportunity of doing an illustration for On Our Backs,” says **Teresa Moore** (“The Primrose Pilgrimage,” page 31). “My work already has a subtle eroticism to it, so it was great to do something not so subtle.” Primarily a painter, Moore’s work has appeared in exhibitions in Paris, New York, Rome, and Chicago, and appeared in publications such as *Juxtapoz*, *Fabula*, and *Spunk!* She was also named one of *Metropolitan*’s “99 to watch in ‘99.”



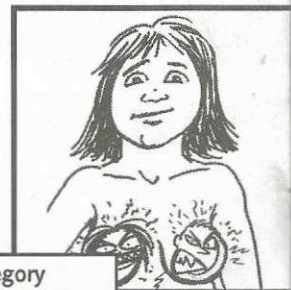
Teresa Moore

Contributing editor **JoAnn Loulan**, author of our “How-To” column (page 15), is a private-practice psychotherapist and author of *Lesbian Sex*, *Lesbian Passion*, and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance*. Once called “The Eisenhower of Lesbian Sex,” she is currently working on a book that explores lesbian identity and sexual orientation.



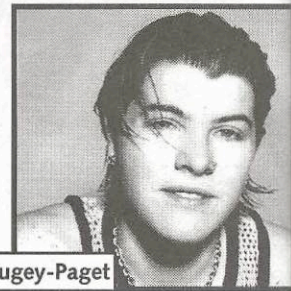
JoAnn Loulan

Roberta Gregory has been drawing comics since she was old enough to hold a crayon. She is best known for her ongoing series, *Naughty Bits*, which stars the notorious Bitchy Bitch. She’s put out 28 issues and 4 trade paperbacks; her next collection will feature Bitchy Butch, the World’s Angriest Dyke. She says she found the challenge of drawing dykes in uniform (“Thrift Store Boys,” page 38) quite stimulating, as she loves fooling around with gender issues. Keep up with Roberta on her Web site, at www.robortagregory.com.



Roberta Gregory

Laurence Jaugey-Paget was born in France and now lives in London, where she has been working as a freelance photographer for more than 13 years. She has had work published in various magazines, including *Quim*, *Lesbia*, *On Our Backs*, *Girlfriends*, *Diva*, *Skin Two*, and many books including *Making Out: An A to Z of Lesbian Sex and Sexuality*, *Nothing But the Girl*, and *Nice Girls Don’t*, a compilation of all her best photographs. Laurence is also one-third of *Flirt!*, a U.K. lesbian erotic magazine. Of “Sticky All Over” (page 22), she says, “The shoot was sweet, sticky, funny, and sexy. It was a photographer’s ideal session—and I got paid to do it!”



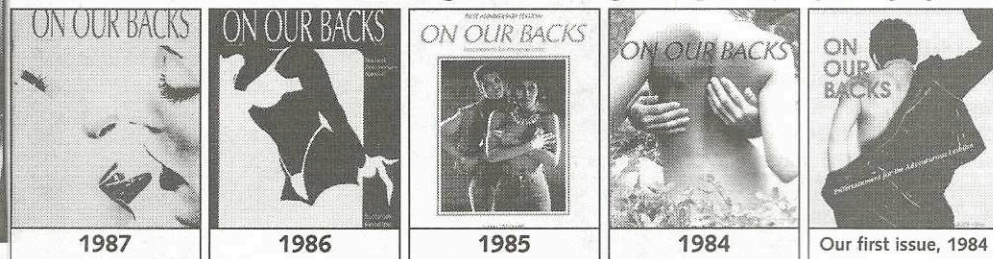
Laurence Jaugey-Paget

Our new photography associate **Michele Serchuk** photographed Angel (page 16) at the nude beach at Sandy Hook Federal Preserve. Little did she know she wouldn’t be the only one photographing Angel, as the shoot ended up drawing a crowd. “It was amazing how many people show up for a day of sunbathing with complete, professional camera kits,” Michele says. She ended up stepping on the toes of the nonprofessional photographers, quite literally in one case, but Angel “was loving the attention.” More of Michele’s recent work can be seen in *Secret* magazine.

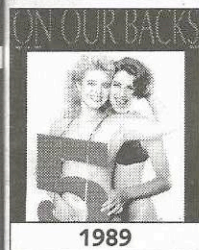


Michele Serchuk

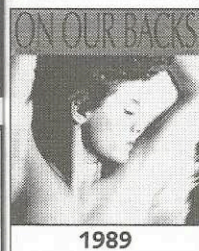
from the editor



1988



1989



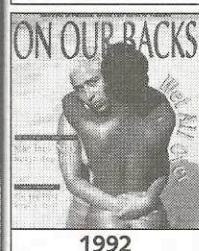
1989



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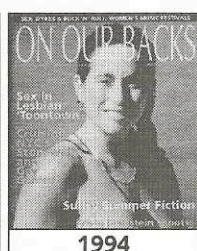
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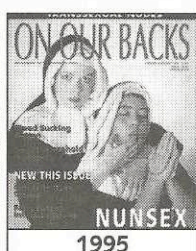
1992



1993



1994



1995



1998

On Our Backs' birthday is also my birthday, and last year as a present I got a huge metal bar right through my tongue, days before my flight to a New York **On Our Backs** party. Apparently, metal doesn't take to everyone. Day one, my piercing felt like a sore, aroused nipple; Day two, my tongue grew three inch-long white strings and got so puffy my teeth sliced it open on either side. Even the piercing freaks were disgusted.

Tongue in hand, I met up with Julie Tolentino (she appeared with Madonna in the book *Sex*, remember?) at our party at her Clit Club. And I finally met Tristan Taormino, our Adventure Girl, who had just attended a swinger's party—purely for research, of course. Little did she know, in the next year she'd be professionally dominated, coached to orgasm by Betty Dodson, and whisked into outer space by a #18 pink needle (see page 8).

I also met the beautiful Michele Serchuk, our future photography associate (see Angel, page 15). "That's why you can't talk!" she said when she saw my swollen face. "I thought you'd just had a lot of oral sex!"

No such luck.

This summer marks 15 years since the first issue of **On Our Backs**. But you can skip the crystal pussy paper weights: the real present we're longing for is spankings—one for each and every issue of **On Our Backs** that ever came off the mill (I'll be receiving only, if you must know, but I've seen Lori's spankings and they look exquisite). Please consider this a formal invitation to get your hand in the action, so to speak, at one of our anniversary bashes. (Call for locations, dates, and to RSVP at 415-648-9464.)

For a steak so rare, back issues of **On Our Backs** are very, ah, delicious. It's hard to pick favorites—could it be Susie Bright, talking about the taste of breast milk? Pat Califia urging dykes to "give it up?" Dorothy Allison's conviction that she "can't jerk off" to **On Our Backs**? The interview with Camille Paglia (our editor in chief's favorite)? The photo of a very young Raelyn Gallina (see her ad in this issue) piercing the inner labia of our former publisher? Or is it the Barbie and Skipper orgy?

I'd say it's a tie between Ms. Plastic Tits and "Bulldagger of the Season," the pin-up for **On Our Backs'** premiere issue. On the "Dagger Data Sheet" Honey Lee measured 36"-29"-39" (sic); her biggest turn-off was "Andrea Dworkin's hair." I don't know, ladies, what do you think: Do we bring back "Bull Dagger of the Season"? (Turn to page 46 to further direct our future.)

On a more somber note, one of **On Our Backs** longest and most beloved contributors, the sex goddess Annie Sprinkle, needs our help. Her houseboat—which is her home—burned down on Wednesday, April 14th. She and the woman she lives with lost everything: camera equipment, photo archives, clothing, drafts of upcoming books, and more. If you've ever admired her work here in **On Our Backs**, please send what you can to Annie Sprinkle, c/o **On Our Backs**; we're also serving as a drop-off point for donations (call first).

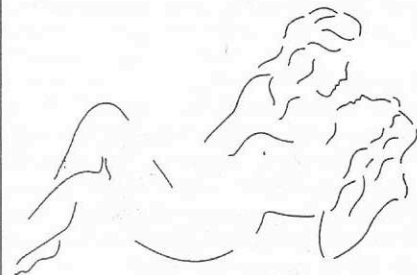
This issue is dedicated to all the dykes—including Annie—who've made the last 15 years possible. Not every magazine is nurtured by such a passionate, dedicated empire of lesbian sex maniacs.

Here's to the next 15,

Athena Douris, editor

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letters

YA LITTLE SQUIRT

I was glad to read about women discovering that we too can ejaculate ("I Came, I Saw, I Shot," February/March 1999). When I do it, lovers initially think I am peeing on them, but they soon discover the truth. Oddly enough, my fluid smells like steamed rice. I can shoot it out over and over again in one sexual encounter—if she's good!

Skorpio

St. Louis, Missouri

It's nice to hear that in your Midwestern town, girls are really gettin' it on! I knew there was more to St. Louis than The Arch.

IT'S ALL GOOD, BABY

"Sex Store Nookie" (February/March 1999) had me on my back, spreading my legs and looking for something for an aggressive butch like Ann to do me with. And "Frankie and Dymond" gave me several powerful orgasms that left me exhausted. And nurse Nina Hartley can "practice" on me anytime!

Angel

North Metro, Georgia

SWINGING LOVE TOY

I'm usually not into butches, but that picture of Frankie bent down eating Dymond—that beautiful back, that perfectly round ass, and her "love toy" dangling between her powerful legs! Whew, it makes me weak! Also, can you include more full-figured wimyn in **On Our Backs**, please. We don't all wear a size 6!

Cassandra

Washington, D.C.

Turn to page 32 for the sexy, full-bodied Wolfie!

MORE GIRLY GIRLS, PLEASE

My girlfriend was in your June/July 1998 issue ("New Dawn Coming") because we felt that this magazine would offer a fair representation of all lesbians. After receiving a few issues, we feel that it clearly focuses on raunchy, butchy, dominant, aggressive dykes. Please consider placing more feminine women in your magazine—women who look and act like women, not men. Isn't part of being a lesbian the desire to have a sensitive touch?

Renee and Dawn

Via the Internet

ON OUR BACKS, ASLEEP

The pics in your February/March 1999 issue can be summarized in one word: BOR-ING! You described some great cutting-edge, mind-blowing scenarios in the "Dangerous Liaisons" article, but your pictorials looked like something from a cheesy, 30-year-old men's magazine. Unless you're looking for the Jesse Helms/Phyllis Schlafly Stamp of Moral Approval, it's time to push the envelope a little, ladies!

Audrey B.

Via the Internet

CUMMING OUT

Thank you so much for a magazine that speaks so honestly and directly about lesbian sexuality. I have only been out for a year, and yours was the first publication that made lesbian sexuality comfortable for me. I hope to see this magazine around for a long time.

Drusilla de Veer

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TRY MORE TWAT

I would like to see more pink and more hard-core sex, specifically between interracial couples (actually triples, for that matter!) Oooo, yes—I love women.

Tink

Florence, Kentucky

Turn to page 14 to see Angel's pink! As for interracial couples—we have one planned for our next issue, so hang in there! (The three-ways are coming up, too.)

THAT'S RAPE

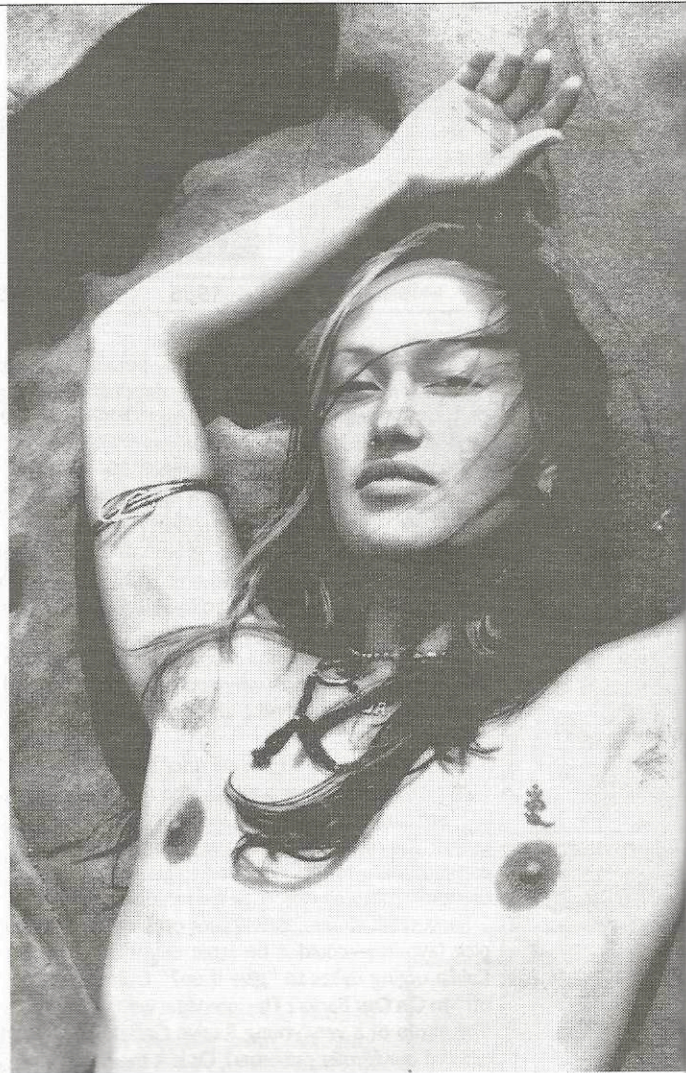
Your article "Dangerous Liaisons" (February/March 1999) was not only insightful, but for me, also very important. Fourteen years ago I was a victim of lesbian rape. (I was 19 at the time.) One of the women inserted a gun inside my vagina that had one bullet in it, and pulled the trigger. For years I could only attribute [my rape] to the fact that the two women were in the Marines. Thanks to your article, I gained some new insight.

[Name and Address Withheld]

Thanks for your kind letter; however, the practices in "Dangerous Liaisons" were all consensual. None of the dykes we interviewed would penetrate a woman with a gun or any other object against her will: that's rape, not edge play. That said, what those women did to you was absolutely rape, and we embrace your struggle to heal yourself. In our April/May 1999 issue, we reprinted a selection from the book The Survivor's Guide to Sex: How to Create Your Own Empowered Sexuality (Cleis). Check out the selection; you can order the book directly from the publisher by calling 1-800-780-2279. Best of luck on your journey.

SWASHBUCKLING Fucker

Hey! Did someone steal my fantasy? ("Dangerous Liaisons, February/March, 1999) This is what I did on my first date with my bitch, Ineka. I dressed in army camouflage,



kicked in the door of her apartment, and kidnapped her at gunpoint. That was nine years ago. The gun was not loaded, although she did not know this at the time. As a responsible top, I have always defined safe sex as taking the bullets out of the gun before you fuck someone with it. Also, to prevent the gun from rusting you can cover the barrel with a condom.

My lover and I are dangerously in love. At 52, I am proud to say I have always been politically incorrect. On Valentine's Day 1999 I transformed myself into Zorro and spanked her with my sword.

Dolores E. Whitedog

[Address Withheld]

CLARIFICATIONS: We incorrectly spelled the name of the fabulous photographer for Sex Couture in the February/March 1999 issue: his name is Stéphane Fournier, not Stephanie. Our apologies.

Give it to us! Deeper! More! Tell us what you want, too, okay? Email staff@gfriends.com, fax 415.648.9464, mail **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

TODD BUTLER

PURPLE-HANKY ADVENTURE

by Tristan Taormino

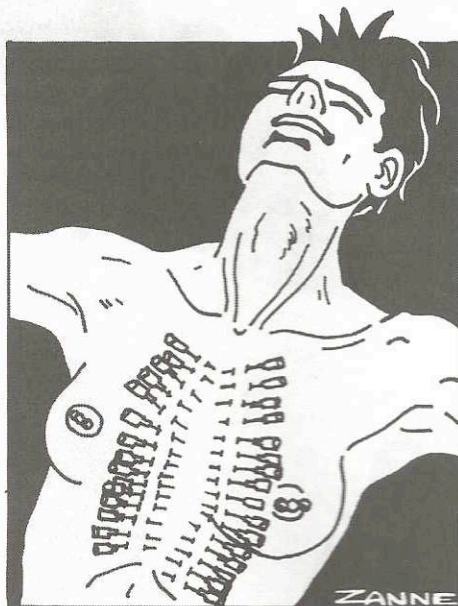
IF THE THOUGHT OF A SIMPLE FLU SHOT MAKES YOU DIZZY, I WARN YOU: TAKE A DEEP BREATH BEFORE YOU DIVE INTO THIS PARTICULAR ADVENTURE.

A needle corset. That's what the women of Aspara, a sexy dyke club where I go-go dance, asked me to model for them. "It's perfect," said Sherry, the owner, as photos taken from the ordeal would promote the next party's theme: "Pleasure in Pain"—a night when the folks would be on hand to do some complimentary clit and nipple piercings. Uh, right, I thought. Perfect.

To tell you the truth, I love piercing. Almost a decade ago, before there were piercing shops all over the country and supermodels with pierced noses, I got my navel pierced. I loved the way it looked when it was pierced, but I also loved the ritual itself. There is nothing like the moment, when needle pierces flesh, and each time I looked down I remembered that moment and it gave me a little rush. A few years later, I spotted a woman with multiple piercings, wings tattooed on her back, and a purple hanky in her back pocket. I immediately consulted my copy of *Coming to Power* to find out what her hanky symbolized. Play piercing. I was intrigued.

Since then, I've had other permanent piercings, as well as some of the temporary variety. During scenes where I've been play-pierced (temporary), I've had up to 10 needles in my chest, and they were enough to send me into endorphin outer space. When Sherry asked me to be pierced and photographed, I knew exactly who I wanted to pierce me: Val, the trusty butch top whom you may remember from a previous adventure ("I came I saw, I shot," February/March 1999).

We met at the Aspara studio, and Red (the hot butch who taught me how to squirt) came along to hold my hand. Red actually despises needles, so she carefully positioned herself behind me where she could hold my arms, give me moral support, and not see anything sharp. Val laid out the disposable needles with the care of a hand-blown glass collector handling her most precious pieces. I asked her about all the different colors, and she explained: the clear ones were 25 gauge; the blues 22 gauge; the yellows 20 gauge; and the pinks 18 gauge.



Remember: the smaller the gauge, the bigger the needle.

"I don't want any pink ones—that's way too big for me," I told her.

She replied, "Okay, no pink ones." She told me to take my shirt off as she snapped on a pair of bright teal rubber gloves.

She rubbed down my chest with alcohol, looked me in the eye with alarming concentration, and told me to take a deep breath. The first needle felt good—a brief prick, then a smooth sliding underneath my skin as the needle penetrated me. I looked down and there it was, a sharp and shiny point that disappeared into a strip of raised skin, then came out the other side. It was on my chest, above my left breast, and soon had a twin on the right side.

Val continued moving down my chest, inserting needle after needle. Some were so smooth, they slid right in with a sensation very much like a finger in a wet pussy. Some felt only slightly detectable, almost like acupuncture needles. When Val slowed down the entry of a needle, it registered as pain. Pain, like a sharp flogging or a smack; pain that gave me a rush of endorphins; pain that sent my head spinning. Sometimes Val pushed a needle in deeper than the one before it, and those times I squeezed Red's hand really hard as she whispered in my ear, "That's a good girl. Breathe. Deep breaths. There you go." There were some needles that made me scream, a combination of intense pain and ecstasy.

Eventually, Val got me so high with each needle's thrust that she convinced me that the pink ones weren't so bad after all. Soon after,

the pink ones began disappearing from the counter and into my chest. They were pretty mean, and as a pink needle went in, I was sure I couldn't take another one into my body. She'd let me regroup, then turn to the ever diminishing pile of needles, choose one, and pierce my flesh again. And again.

During the piercing, Sherry snapped a bunch of shots, including some of me screaming and hanging on to Red for dear life. They were surprised about how the scene was going; they'd seen me take ten 25 gauge needles without even a gasp. But by the end of this scene, there were only a few needles left on the counter. There were 42 in my chest, plenty of them pink—21 on each side running from below my collarbone to the bottom of my rib cage.

When all the needles were in place, Val ran a piece of dental floss underneath the ends of the needles on both sides. Then she laced around each end of the needles with a piece of metallic red cord, criss-crossing over to the other side until my chest was laced up like a corset. The cord pulled the needles in toward each other, causing a new, different sensation. My skin felt stretched taut, like a hand-strung drum. I don't remember much about the photo shoot itself; flashes went off, shutters clicked. I was so high at that point, I was in my own world.

By the time the needles were all in, I was so juiced up that I felt like I could keep them in forever. Finally, I looked in the mirror and was amazed at the sight. They looked beautiful, and I felt so tough for taking them.

Part of what I like about being pierced is the surrender—that I can give my body over to a top and trust her enough to puncture and mark it with dangerous instruments. I give her my flesh, and she commands it, makes it open for her, swell, rise up, take something inside. Piercing is like penetration for me; it is sexual and powerful.

I had small red dots on my chest, and my flesh was tender for about a week. One small bruise appeared a few days later to remind me of what my body endured. The marks linger, growing fainter every day, reminding me of the night's ritual. I'm still amazed that I did it, but I did, and I've got the pictures to prove it.

Every issue, *Adventure Girl* sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com.

Bound in Leather

It's every dyke's dream to be clad in leather. Forever a fetishized accessory or image enhancer, leather remains a symbol of underground lusts, realized fantasies, and innovation in fashion. This leather apparel lets its wearer out of her cage. —yh

High-waisted Toreador pants with lambskin laced outseams, \$368; raglan sleeve contour jacket with lambskin laced back, \$580

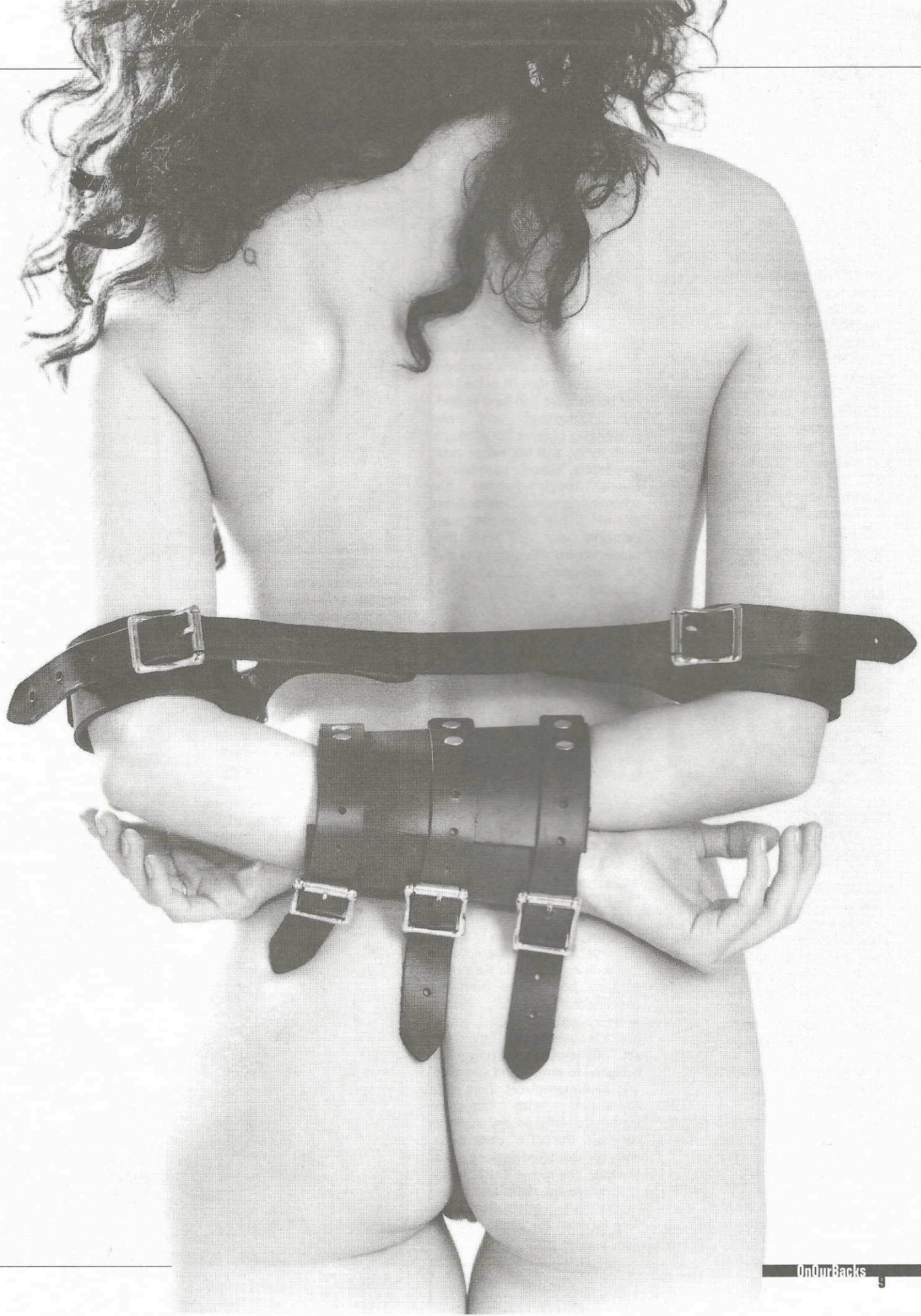


High-waisted Toreador pants with lambskin laced outseams, \$368; leather riding crop, \$39; elbow-length gloves with silk lining, \$195; 5-inch stiletto pumps, \$145



Photography by Joanna Bancroft and John Morrison

Four-piece arm binder with arm cuffs, connecting belt, and forearm sheath, \$118



read it

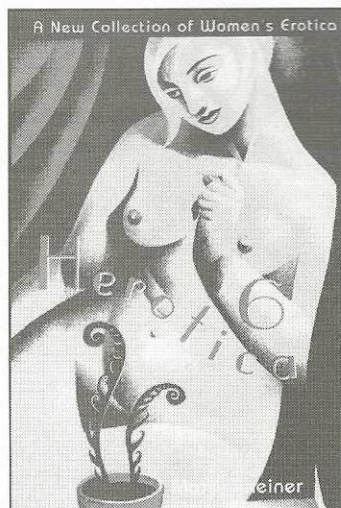
Herotica 6

Marcy Sheiner, ed.
(Down There Press)

Betty Dodson would say, "tsk, tsk, tsk." Committed Relationships is the theme—the first one ever—of the newest *Herotica* installment. But impolitic as it may be, Sheiner's hit a clitoral goldmine. Cecilia Tan's love story "Always" turned me on like a faucet. I guess the L-word still controls this pussy.

Another reason *Herotica 6* works so well is because all the writers had to circumvent the clichéd story line of "I did this stranger, then we did this other stranger," ad infinitum. I actually wanted these folks to have good sex. (If I were a therapist, all my patients would get copies.)

Okay, so I didn't find the lesbian selections the hottest, but the



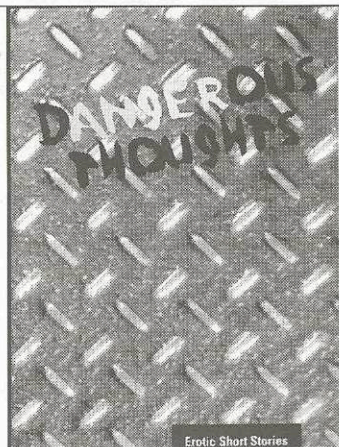
couples are all very queer. My absolute favorite was Carol Queen's story of the day she met her husband: "I scarcely knew you, and yet my heart was ready to break from losing you." Any erotica that makes me cry and reach for my crotch gets five stars from me. ad

Grade:

Dangerous Thoughts

Artemis Oakgrove
(One Rogue Press)

Once upon a time, Artemis Oakgrove was the shadow muse of lesbian SM. Her dark, challenging novels, such as *Nighthawk*, were filled with extreme, nonconsensual scenarios, and word-of-mouth



likened them to a drink too strong to taste but in sips. (It helped that her books were also hard to find.) But Oakgrove was also challenging because her writing is, well, rocky, and her exaggerated characters almost parodies of rough, tough butches and scheming, gorgeous femmes (and all of them seem to have damaged pasts that dictate their present twisted desires). She may be someone's cup of tea, I suppose, but not mine, especially now that SM dykes are no longer quite so starved for erotic imagery of their own. Oakgrove no longer seems radical enough to justify her many flaws. There are a few diamonds in the rough in this collection, such as the fun bathroom rumble in "Old Tops Never Die," but the good parts rarely last all the way through one story. I don't mind bald fantasy and extreme fare, but when paired with iffy writing and characters out of bad pulps, I'd rather skip it. Is

Grade:

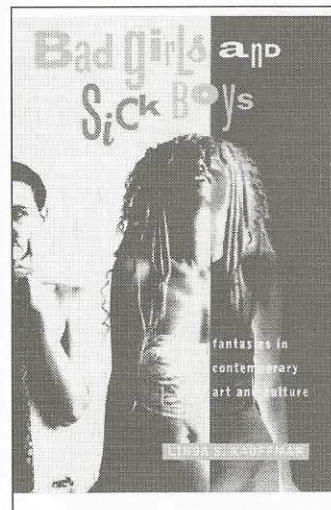
Bad Girls and Sick Boys

Linda S. Kauffman
(University of California Press)

Horror is the pornography of the soul, argues Linda Kauffman. In fact, horror and porn are basically the same thing. Porn is obsessed with the sex act, just as horror is obsessed with "the death act." Both porn and horror are designed to horrify and stimulate, and Kauffman places them on a continuum with so-called legitimate enterprises, such as hospitals, the 10 o' clock news, and corporate advertising. (For example, the movie *Crash*, which is about people who orchestrate car crashes to reach orgasm, is not very far from the Diesel jeans ad

in which car-accident corpses wear the products.)

Interviews with the likes of director David Cronenberg, plastic surgery artist Orlan, writer Bob Flanagan, and our own Annie



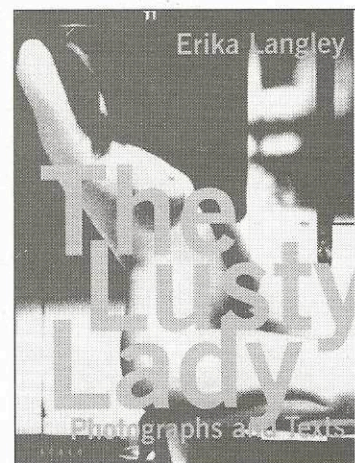
Sprinkle help make *Bad Girls and Sick Boys* the most brilliant writing about porn since Laura Kipnis's *Bound and Gagged*. Kauffman makes a convincing plea for women to seize the means of porn and horror; coming on the heels of the Cindy Sherman-directed slasher, *Office Killer*, I'm sold. ad

Grade:

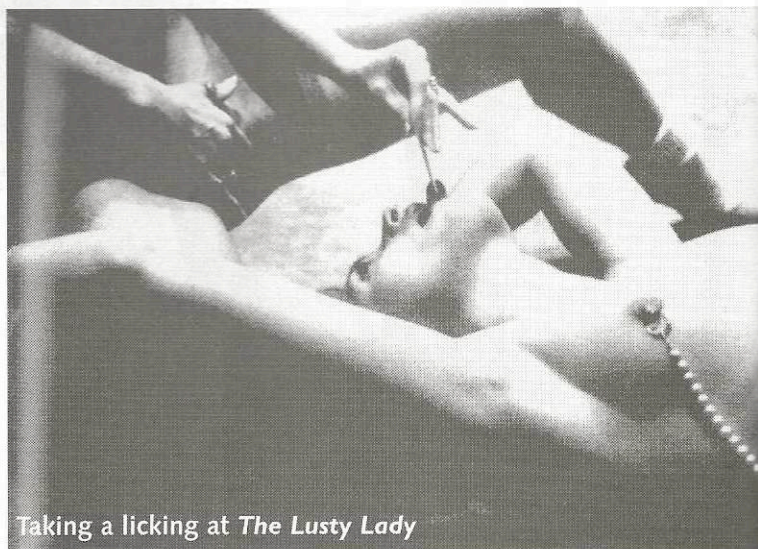
The Lusty Lady

Erika Langley
(Scalo Press)

Erika Langley didn't set out to be a stripper; she set out to be a documentary photographer. But



when she asked to photograph the dancers at Seattle's woman-owned Lusty Lady peepshow, the management said she'd have to participate to get her shots. So she took a job as a dancer herself. The outcome: a book full of truly awesome behind-the-scenes photos. The text is a mixture of Langley's own journal musings and transcripts of the dancers she interviewed; the results are revealing, stripping away the romanticization of working in a woman-owned sex show (dancers still bitch about the management and are still subject to constraining, body-fascist ideals of appearance), while confirming its attractions (working with naked women, day to day, with a flexible schedule and a high hourly wage!). Late in the book, the narrative doubles as a coming-out story, as Langley discovers her own same-sex attractions and starts to date one of the other dancers. But it's really the photos that speak loudest. Tender, funny, and unflinching, they are



Taking a licking at *The Lusty Lady*

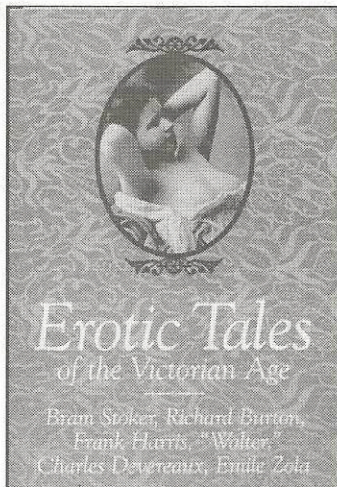
fascinating portraits of life at the peeps. Their combination of theatricality and earthy backstage realness is a real turn-on, too. Is

Grade: 

Erotic Tales of the Victorian Age

(Prometheus Books)

Who says the Victorians didn't know about sex? Victorian smut is an enduring genre, and in this collection, women's orgasms,

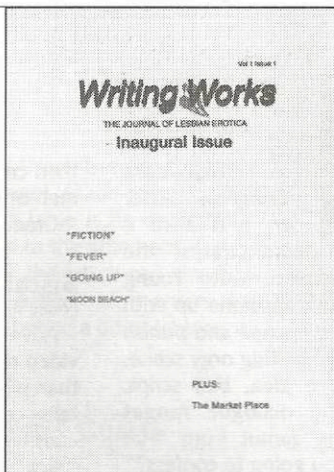


clitori, and female ejaculation abound. After all, how else is a randy young gentleman supposed to seduce a woman except by showing her how much pleasure can be gotten from the act? Not that it's all men doing the seducing here; in such gems as "Eveline," women are most definitely the aggressors. Nor are the gentleman all roués; Frank Harris, a compatriot of Oscar Wilde's, is quite the considerate and thoughtful lover (and social commentator) in "My Life and Loves." Alas, this collection is, with one brief exception, unremittingly heterosexual, and Victorian literature in general is not to everyone's taste. But this collection (most portions penned, appropriately enough, by "Anonymous") is well-selected and otherwise full of variety, a fascinating (and stimulating!) peek into erotica at the end of the last century. Is

Grade: 

Little Black Book

-  = Wash your hair instead.
-  = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
-  = One-night-stand material.
-  = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
-  = Better than sex.



Writing Works: The Journal of Lesbian Erotica

Edited by Molly Mossman
(Brown Paper Press)

You'd never know it from the plain white cover, or even the name, for that matter, but *Writing Works* hits the spot if you're looking for sexy dyke stories that shy away from 'smuttiness.' The inclusion of poetry, serial fiction, and fantasy makes this inaugural issue of the journal diverse enough for everyone to find a reason to leaf through it. Affectio's and Mizell's poetry radiates beauty in form and language. Betty Blue's "Fever" is by far the hottest tale here; it merges the experience of everyday horniness and being ill in a contemporary butch/femme scenario. "Going Up," on the other hand, almost succeeds as a turn-on tale, but completely ruins itself by eroticizing Spandex. Both "Fiction" and "Moon Beach" seem less sexually charged than they should be and work better as isolated short-story excerpts. There's nothing really hard-core or surprising in these tales, but if you're into tame, fireside erotica, then *Writing Works* works. yh

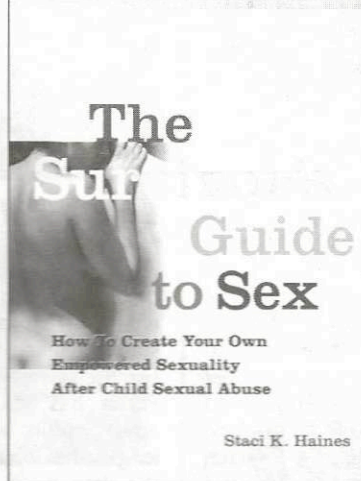
Grade: 

Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
yh Yetta Howard
ls Lori Selke

The Survivor's Guide to Sex
"gave me a rush of adrenaline so strong, I could see clearer four hours later...I feel lucky that Staci Haines made female sexuality the center of [her] life's work."

— Athena Douris, *On Our Backs*



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PORN IN BLACK AND WHITE IS ANTI-RACIST PORN POSSIBLE?

by Cindy Patton

A decade ago, your average porn store was dominated by videos featuring only white actors. Sure, there were some "black," "Latina," or "Asian" videos, but these were largely exotica for a white male audience. Recent efforts to expand the audience of porno watchers has not easily overcome this subtle, and often not-too-subtle, form of racism. Ideally, you could incorporate people of color as "ordinary" people rather than exotic props. But representations of desire across racial or ethnic lines continually run the risk of either turning their characters into racist caricatures, or demanding that the story be About Interracial Sex, or both.

That's what happened with a pioneering lesbian safe sex film, *Current Wave* (1989). The director's use of a black butch and white femme drew heavy criticism because, allegedly, her depiction of the interracial, butch-femme couple fit too many racist stereotypes. Is it impossible to just show women of all colors together without fetishizing racial difference? And what about women who love across, not despite, racial lines? Is their desire for each other's difference impossible to represent?

Put It in Reverse

(Zane Productions, 1998)

This artless spoof of the Robert Palmer Dancers features eight women of the rainbow, arranged in a line and "done" in turn by a guy with a happy face tattoo on his shoulder. Eight women times five acts equals 40 possible combinations of ethnicity and activity. Pick the one like you, or the one you like. I'm no hygiene cop, but I was relieved when the gals piled into the shower (without him).

Grade: 

Whoopin' Her Behind Video Team

(Video Team, 1997)

Girls from Cell Block H meets 1970s blaxploitation when The Gang gets caught breaking into a warehouse that turns out to be

a high-class dungeon. After Madame demonstrates the

extensive array of equipment, Cute Young Thing breaks free and locks Madame up with The Gang. They, of course, escape and punish Cute Young Thing in a culminating orgy scene.

Nice idea, bad script. The dialogue ranges the gamut from "Are you going to confess?" to "Say you're sorry." But although "all-black," the cast doesn't seem to be "all-lesbian." It qualifies as a B&D film, though even Madame seems bored.

Grade: 

Fantasies of Persia

(Video Team, 1995)

Maybe I've been reading too much film theory, but I am sure this video is a critique of white hetero-masculinity. Persia isn't a place—she's a woman trapped by her own fantasies. For the opening shot, Persia has sex in a white coffin with a long-haired white guy. We then move on to Persia, loosely tied to a chair, watching Mr. Long-Hair perform every position in the Kama Sutra with a white girl. The voice-over informs us that Persia is "tied" by inhibitions that she will now overcome. Skip ahead a scene, and things get interesting: Persia pretends to be a man and picks up a white babe. Little Missy finds something in Persia's pants, discovers she "isn't a man!" but has no complaints, since "I never had a guy fuck me that good." In the final scene, Persia takes up go-go dancing at a bar where she revels in being the "object" of desire for men of color.

This video may not weigh in as feminist, but it is certainly an attempt to distinguish between being the exotic fantasy object of white men and being a source of erotic entertainment of men of color. Okay, it's not the boldest anti-racist statement I've ever seen, but it does take a shot at white heterosexuality: Persia picks up a white man and discards him; gets the white girl and "does it" better than a white man; and

then constructs herself as a desirable body for men of color. And that stands for something.

Grade: 

Sista! An Afrocentric Production

(Video Team, 1993)

Advertised as "All Black, All Lesbian" this video really does aim to please someone other than white men. When an all-girl singing group takes a break in the country, the lack of "dick" very shortly proves not to be a problem. One woman invites another to watch a black lesbian porno. The initially homophobic woman soon changes her mind as the weather heats up. And the intense French kissing by all convinced me that none of the actors

had to do any research for this part.

I've seen this video in shops that have a primarily black clientele, so I imagine that the series (*Sista 2* and *Sista 3*) has a black male following. But unlike the "girls doing it for you" style of most het videos, the girls of *Sistas* are doing it for themselves—and they don't give a damn if you watch or not.

Grade: 

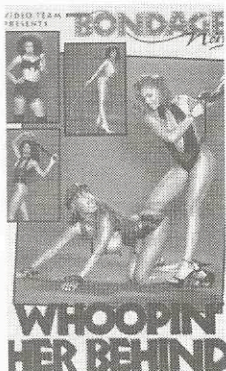
Entre Ellas

(Proyecto Contra SIDA, 1996)

This for-women-by-women safe sex video provides a sharp contrast to the mainstream offerings. In addition to showing us all the germ-busting accouterment you'd expect, we actually learn how to use it in two very hot scenes. Backed by Latin music and sets decorated in a culturally authentic manner (as opposed to kitsch-exoticizing), we see women who are not only Latina, but represent diversity in style and shape—including, my fave, a long-haired butch in Jockeys. The actors are so intensely focused on each other that they don't notice the viewer. Unlike *Put It in Reverse*, which emphasizes the white male voyeur, *Entre Ellas* really does seem to be about what's between us.

Grade: 

Cindy Patton was a founding editor of the erotic lesbian magazine *Bad Attitude*, teaches lesbian and gay studies at Emory University, and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.



try it

The Cowpoke

(Tantus, \$40)

I hail from the Midwest, not the Wild West, but the Cowpoke made me want to ride the nearest cowgirl. Made of a nice firm silicone, this mid-sized dildo's claim to fame is its decorations, from the bulging cowboy hat on the tip of the little boot, replete with intricate detailing. But be warned: the kitsch can also be a curse. The armadillo, in particular, is a bitch as it enters and retreats. But for Western fans who don't mind a bit of texture, it's a perfect fit. **kh**

Grade: 



Foreplay Cuties

(Golden Triangle, \$12)

My cat once licked my nipple. It felt so good, I threw her out of the bathroom. The point: some things are best left to the imagination. Bestiality, for example, is not improved by substituting latex for flesh. That was my snag when it came to Foreplay Cuties, a kit that encourages you to slip a purple jelly animal-headed "sock" over a matching pocket rocket. Slipping the gluey puppets on the wand was difficult, but vigorously copulating with a baby bunny was downright traumatizing. **ks**

Grade: 

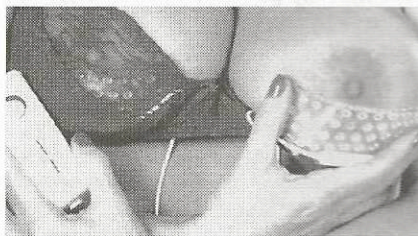


Vibrating Demi-Cups

(California Exotic Novelties, \$75)

Well, the good news is these vibrating breast pads actually fit comfortably inside a bra, and the silicone nubs on the clear pads stimulate without being rough. The bad news is they do absolutely nothing but make your blouse hum. At the highest speed, I felt a little tickle. They don't even make your cleavage jiggle. And you also can't tell if it makes your nipples perky; the vibrating bullets in the pads obscure any contour they might add to your shirt, so avoid these unless you want folks to think you have huge oval nips. **Is**

Grade: 



The Stinger

(Vixen, \$48)

This baby fulfilled my best Geiger-esque cyberporn fantasies—I felt like a crazy sex robot. And it curls up, not down, so it stays in when you're fucking! The ridges mean it won't replace your everyday dong, but for ladies who want a nonrealistic but want to skip the goddess-dolphin-patchouli-type weenie, it's perfect. **px**

Grade: 

Rabbit Fur Massage Mitten

(Nectar, \$24)

This massage mitten is soft and cuddly to the touch—as cuddly as a real bunny (a disturbing fact indeed). It fits comfortably on the hand and can be used to tease, tickle, stroke, and caress yourself or your partner from your temples to the soles of your feet (and anywhere naughty in between). This product is definitely not for animal lovers, though, and truthfully I tend to agree: why not just stick to love toys that nobody's potential pet had to die for? **ds**

Grade: 



Little Black Book

-  = Wash your hair instead.
-  = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
-  = One-night-stand material.
-  = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
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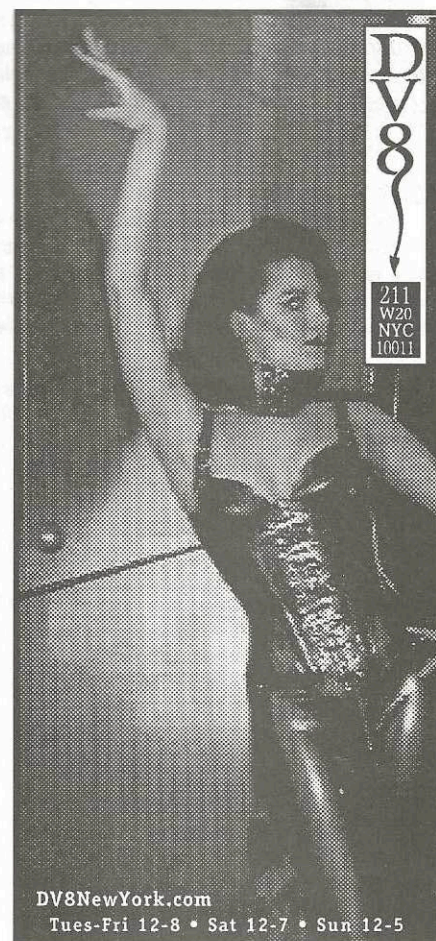
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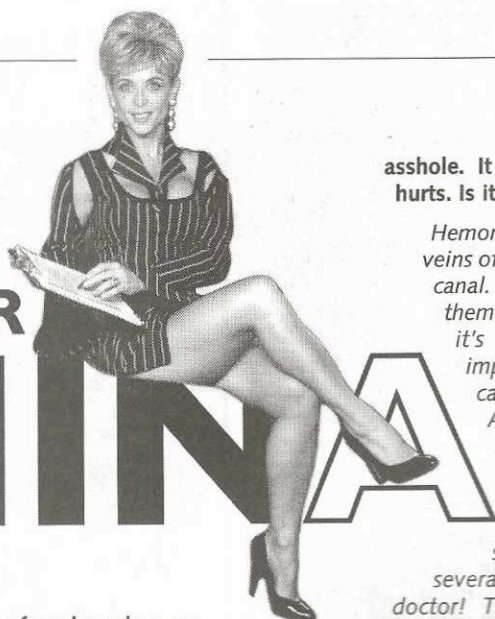


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THE DOCTOR IS NINA



MISSING KISSING

My lover no longer uses foreplay when we have sex. She doesn't even kiss me! I've talked to her about it, and she promises to, but then she doesn't! It's making sex a really gross experience. How can I get foreplay back in our lives?

Whew! I don't know your particular situation, but the change in your sex life is a symptom of something larger. Problems in the bedroom almost always have their beginnings elsewhere and must be addressed outside the bedroom. In the meantime, honor yourself and your needs enough to refuse sex with her until you figure out what's going on. She is permitting herself to disrespect your needs and to ignore your concerns. Be brave enough to find out what that may be. Use counseling if needed. Listen to your unhappiness and frustration—they're trying to tell you something. Best wishes.

CAR-SICK HUM-HUM

My lover recently got into a horrible car accident and broke both her legs and an arm. She is in pain, and will be bedridden for the next couple of months, at least. How can we have enjoyable sex while she's rehabilitating?

First, do some research into advances in pain management—she should be as pain-free as possible. SM players know a lot about the use of erotic energy in pain management and mastery (check out support groups for more information).

Focus on what you can do, not what you can't. Play with verbalization, voyeurism, massage, stroking, and masturbation. Pleasure releases endorphins. Introduce Tantric techniques to help her prolong the buildup of orgasm—help her learn to "surf" her turn-on for as long as possible before release. She's a lucky girl, and your care will bring you closer and have lasting benefits for your relationship, not the least being an expanded sexual repertoire.

BUTT CRACKER

A couple months ago my girlfriend double-penetrated me (one dildo in my butt and one in my pussy), and I ripped the skin by my

asshole. It healed, but it still hurts. Is it a hemorrhoid?

Hemorrhoids are varicose veins of the rectum and anal canal. If you didn't have them before your "D-P," it's unlikely (but not impossible) that the sex caused one to appear.

Anal sex should NEVER hurt. She was too rough, or used a toy that was too big. If it's still hurting after several months, see a doctor! The rip could have healed improperly, leaving scar tissue. If you approach anal sex properly, you'll never rip again. And check out *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*, by Tristan Taormino.

POST-JEALOUSY?

Nina, I'm a sex-positive dyke. Recently, I went with my girlfriend to a strip joint. My girlfriend really enjoyed it and got into it. I wanted to feel supportive and non-threatened, but instead I felt physically sick to my stomach, as though I couldn't trust her, and completely turned-off sexually. Of course, my girlfriend noticed and asked what was the matter. I didn't tell her because I really don't want to feel that way.

Please don't say I should talk to her about it; I feel ashamed that I could be so prudish. Why am I feeling this way? Do sex-positive people ever have reactions like this?

Yes, sex-positive people feel all kinds of things, including jealousy. "Sex-positive" is a state of mind where a person believes in the goodness of sexuality and strives to live a life that is respectful of self and others. This involves being open to your pain as well as your pleasure. "Sex-positive" means that you will work through your issues instead of burying them.

Check out *Be the Person You Want to Find*, by Cheri Huber. It's a good guide for using your negative feelings (revulsion, insecurity, jealousy) as tools for self-awareness. You owe your girlfriend honesty—how can she allay your fears if you won't give her the chance?

Don't ignore your feelings—they're barometers to your soul. They are yours to handle. Your girlfriend can only hold your hand while you unravel what they mean. Good luck.

KICKIN' IT

A girlfriend I had three years ago cheated on me, and ever since then, I feel very suspicious of my girlfriends. I don't poke around in their stuff; I just feel tortured about it. With my current lady, this one woman in particular—

her best friend and the woman who helped her kick heroin—makes me very freaked out. My girlfriend sees her a lot and one time went in the other room to talk to her on the phone. Isn't that weird? Should I keep my eyes open? I hate being so jealous—I never was before! Is there any way to cure jealousy?

One "cures" jealousy by first recognizing that it's nothing more than insecurity projected outward. The aforementioned book by Huber would be most helpful in this endeavor. It's not weird for your girlfriend to want to have a private moment with the woman who helped her kick. If you've never been an addict, you can't know how deep the relationship is between the person going through withdrawal and her helper. It lasts for life and transcends other relationships. You may need therapy to help you with your past heartbreak and lack of trust. Does your girlfriend deserve the shit left behind by the creep who dumped you? I didn't think so. Get some help before you sabotage this relationship. Good luck.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

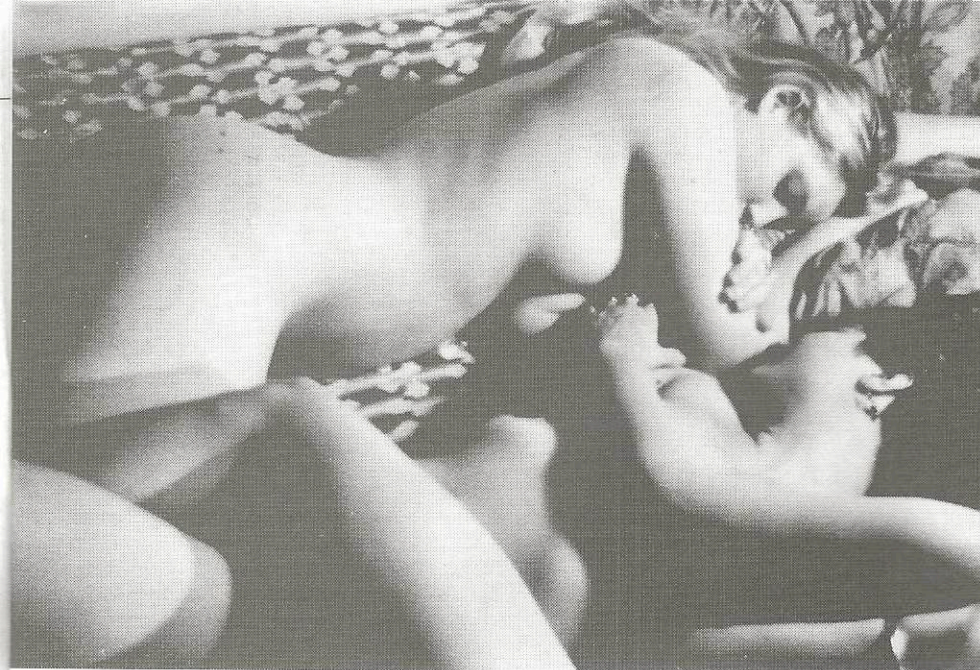
Last year, when I was in London, I met the love of my life and cheated on my girlfriend. A long-distance relationship was out of the question for the both of us, but we've kept in touch. She's going to visit soon, and it will be next to impossible to not cheat on my girlfriend, because my London love is staying with me. How do I handle this situation without my girlfriend finding out or getting hurt?

The only way would be for you to keep complete control over your emotions and hormones during the visit, and do nothing that would hurt your girlfriend. Even if you didn't fuck, your emotional connection to Ms. London could be hurtful to your girlfriend. There's also the resentment on your part for having to stuff your lust or your feelings. Resentment is a time bomb. Are you monogamous? If Ms. London is the love of your life, is she worth breaking up with your girlfriend for? Could you live in England? She, in the States? Is there anything more to the relationship than sublime animal magnetism? A one-week affair is not usually enough time to build a life on (though there are exceptions). Lust makes you high—it's tough to make decisions when you're in an altered state of consciousness. Only you know what your priorities are, or your affinity for risk. Think it over—do what's right. Check out *The Ethical Slut* by Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt for more insight.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

Have a Three-way

by JoAnn Loulan



KATRINA DEL MAR

We tried everything in the sixties: LSD, hitchhiking, sex with lots of strangers. One of the things we tried was three-ways: three-way casual sex (my first real lesbian encounter); having a partner and some known or secret lover on the side; or even living solidly together with three women. Today many women still have threesomes as part of their lively lives—some bring a lover into the couple for a night of fun and frolic, while others all sleep together in the same bed for years. All of these can work if you stay conscious and respectful, and have lots of energy. For the sake of clarity, this How-To is about how you can bring a third lover into your relationship with your girlfriend. It ain't easy, but love never is!

1 CHAIN, CHAIN, CHANGE. After being in a relationship for a while, switching the dynamic can be hard. Is one of you already turned on by someone else? Or are the two of you together inviting a third into your bed? The latter is easier at least in theory, but it's not a slam dunk. Now would be a good time to reassure your girlfriend that you want to be with her no matter what.

2 ANY HIDDEN AGENDAS? Do you want to break up with your lover, and this is a way to do that? Or are you doing this to save your marriage? Okay, we don't have to tell you this, but these are not great reasons to go into a three-way. Just like babies, threesomes take more work than twosomes. You'll need more trust, love, and honesty between you, not less.

3 MAKE THE RULES. Obviously, there are no rules, but you'll need to set some to preserve everyone's sanity. Talk to your partner: Are each of you ever going to be alone with the third person? Do you each actually have two relationships? What kind of sex is going to go on? Are lovers outside the three-way okay? If this ends up being a long-term gig, you'll want to be fair about holidays, birthdays, and other important dates.

4 PICK A THIRD WOMAN. In the best-case scenario, you're both into the same woman. Whatever you do, don't say you're into someone if you're not! That could be ugly, and just get worse. If you haven't got a woman in mind, now's the time to go looking together.

5 TALK TO GIRL #3. Be absolutely clear and honest with the woman you're inviting into your relationship, from the get-go. You need to tell her if she's going to have an equal part of the relationship, or if you want to keep your girlfriend as your "primary" relationship, with your threesome a "secondary" connection. If she has some hope of changing your mind, being jealous, or stealing you away from your girlfriend, it's best to find out now. If she's not into it, you get to find someone else who is.

6 HOW DO YA DO IT ANYWAY? Are two of you going to have sex while the other watches, or are there lots of arms, fingers, breasts, mouths, movin' and groovin'? You can watch while they do it, have both of them do you, or have someone watch while you get done...it's really endless. Still, before you start be clear about what's going to happen, at least for the first time, so there aren't as many hurt feelings. Try everything—who knows what you'll like!

7 BE SAFE. Who knows who is doing who, is doing who. Invest in plenty of gloves and condoms, change them often, and everyone needs to bring their sex toys, so you don't have to pass around one vibrator! Even if you're just spreading a yeast infection, it can be a pain to get rid of.

8 BE AWARE OF WHO'S ON TOP. This isn't just about the sexual position, but the power difference between people involved. Does one have more power because she's the long term lover, or because she's the new one, or because she has more money, or because she's a different class or race, or because there's a man involved, or because someone has a child, or on and on? Discuss the possible power deals, so when they come up everyone can say, "Duh. . .how do we fix it?"

9 NO MEANS NO. You can say no anytime: in the midst of sex; even though you said you would; even if your partner really wants to. You can even say no if you said yes, and you meant yes, and you really want to, but it just doesn't feel right. And stopping—not necessarily for good, but at least to sort things out—is important, as feelings are crucial. A human heart is pretty special. Talk it out: Who needs what? Is it scary? What could make it work again? All of us just want to love and be loved—how can you make that work?

IF YOU'RE THE THIRD WOMAN:

- **FIGURE OUT YOUR PLACE IN THEIR LIVES.** Ask questions, and ask for clarification. Don't assume until you hear it, and you still might want to check in periodically.
- **DECIDE WHEN AND WHERE YOU WANT TO SEE THEM.** Since they're the couple, they probably already have time they're both free; make sure it works for you. Do you want to see them more? Less? Speak up!
- **COME OUT OF THE CLOSET...OR DON'T.** When all your friends wonder who your secret lover is and you can't tell, remember: you decided to do this, so be a grown-up—even though it's hard to do.
- **DEMAND RESPECT.** If you're left out for the holidays, you're at a public event and they don't acknowledge who you are, or you start to feel like a human sex toy, take some time out to think about what you need. Just because it's a three-way doesn't mean you can't get what you want!

angel baby

Name:

"Angel Baby is what everyone calls me."

Status:

Available

Hometown:

Queens, New York

Occupation:

"I ran a tattoo business underground, when it was illegal in New York. A year ago, I opened a storefront business, N.S.K.—that's No Self Kontrol—Tattoos. I'm also a body piercer, erotic performance artist, and in the adult industry. But I do adult videos and magazines for fun, not for money."

Why She's All Over Nudie Beaches:

"For me, most of the time sex is so innocent. I'm a little kid, and everything is playing. Outside, it's even better—there are even less restrictions."

Celebrity She'd Hit It With:

"The Tilly sisters—at the same time."

Favorite Body Part:

"I could easily say my pussy because I love her very much. But I would have to say my brain. Half the time it's busy saving myself from myself, and the rest of the time it's busy saving me from everyone else. It's definitely my biggest sexual organ!"

On Other Women:

"I love butts. Ass is such an aesthetically pleasing part of a woman! I squeeze 'em up and they just feel good."

Most Shocking Sexual Experience:

"I was in this really badly made movie my friends did, *From Beijing to Brooklyn*. It was supposed to be a lesbian erotic karate comedy. Let me just say, it had very little karate in it. It's not quite a porno, but it is way too smutty for the film-festival circuit."

Dating Requirements:

"They gotta be my buddy. I like to play sports but also do my hair, so they've got to be willing to do both. And inhibited sex sucks! I might not go for everything you have to offer, but you'll never know unless you ask."

What She Tells Lovers Before Doin' It:

"I say, 'Don't get shocked. Whatever happens in this room doesn't leave this room.'"

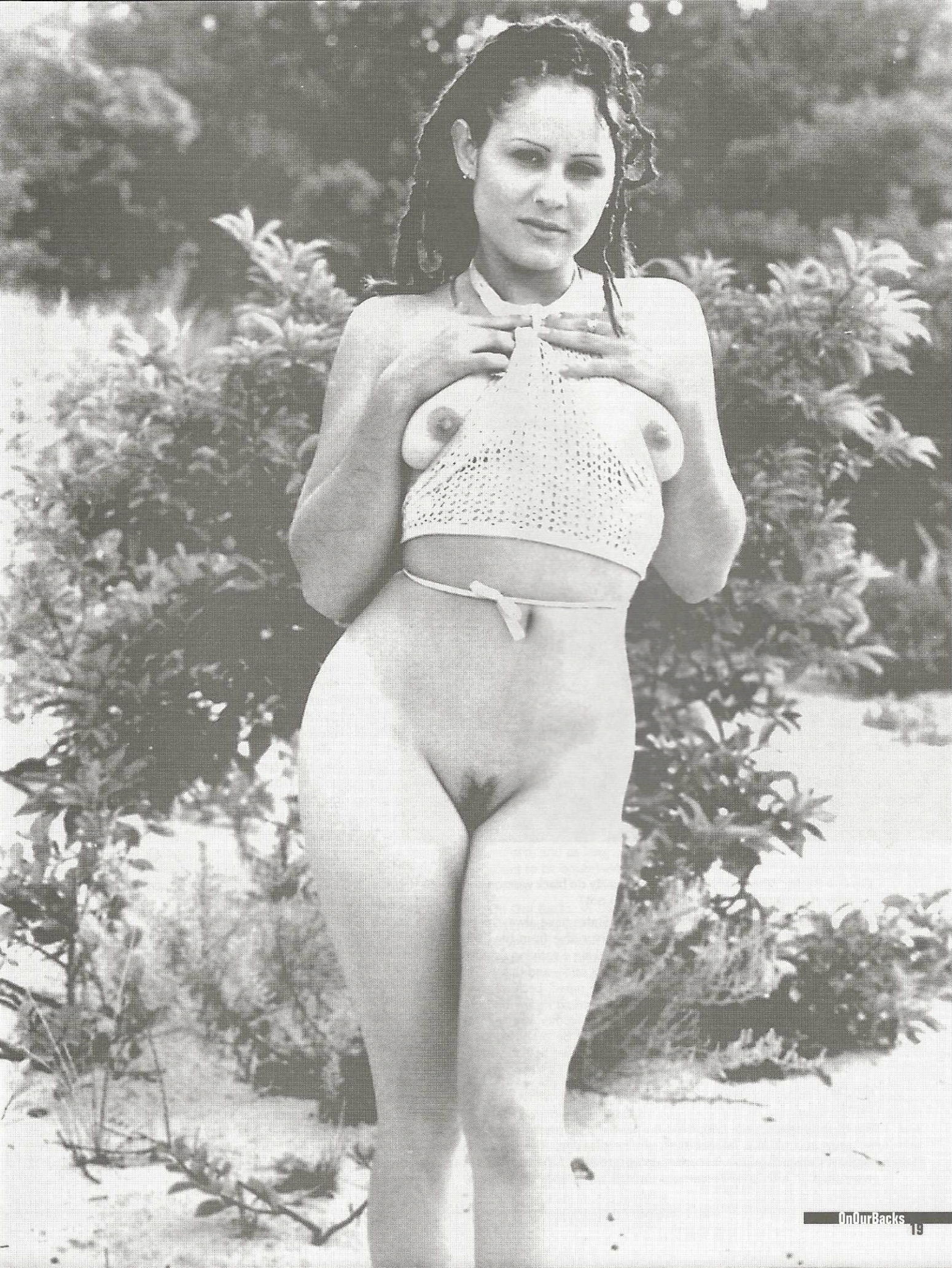
—a.d.



Photography by Michele Serchuk







the on our backs interview



Barbara Smith

Interview by
Athena Douris

Once upon a time, all the women were white, all the blacks were men, and all the civil rights activists were straight. Then came Barbara Smith.

Fueled by the social upheavals of the sixties and seventies, Smith cofounded both the Combahee River Collective and Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, the only U.S. publisher specializing in works by women of color. Even before co-editing the groundbreaking anthologies *Home Girls: A Black Feminist Anthology* and *All the Women Are White, All the Blacks Are Men, But Some of Us Are Brave*, she was credited with founding a black feminist tradition of literary criticism. Smith recently published a collection of her essays since the sixties in the Lammie-nominated *The Truth That Never Hurts: Writings on Race, Gender, and Freedom* (and it's now in its second printing).

The openly lesbian, Albany, New York-based professor has a thing or two to say about erotic politics—but not what you might expect. We talked with Smith about why sex for sex's sake just doesn't cut it, her concept of an ideal society, and the sexual revolution we *didn't* have.

On Our Backs: What kinds of issues of sexuality do black women and women of color face, that white women do not?

Barbara Smith: Black women in the United States have always been seen as sexual animals. And this is not a perspective from the 19th century. [One of my sister's classmates] was taking a sociology course in which the person who was teaching the class said—and this was in the 1960s—that a black woman really can't be raped, because she's always available and ready. That's the sexual context I grew up in.

I think that tradition dies hard. I think black women are seen as more sexual, seen to have less sexual values, to be promiscuous. I think it's hard for black women to formulate their own sexuality away from the negative images and messages of a white racist society.

On Our Backs: Is women's erotica important to your vision of sexual freedom?

Smith: I think it's really important for people to express themselves sexually and to find images that can be pleasing. The Feminists Against Censorship Task Force was an outgrowth of the Barnard sex wars [named after a 1981 Barnard College conference on sexuality

that drew protests from antipornography groups]—I signed the FACT brief; I'd undoubtedly sign it again.

One of the things that *has* happened since the lesbian and feminist movement of the seventies and eighties is that outward sexual expression has become a stand-in for political activism. This is a phenomenon not just in *On Our Backs*—it's also true in academic contexts. Instead of talking about challenging the state and getting rights or making a revolution, people instead talk about freedom of sexual expression. The question that I raise is, how does so-called sexual freedom operate in a society that is unfree in every other way? How can you have a satisfying sex life and you're living in a war zone?

I think the quest for sexual expression and freedom might very well be a great jumping-off point for wanting to live in a better world. But I want to know what we're going to do about this place we occupy, not just in bed. Sexuality and homelessness. Sexuality and police brutality. Sexuality and racism. I want to see it come together. I don't always hear people who are sex radicals making all the connections.

On Our Backs: The differences of opinion amongst the editors of *The Reader's Companion to U.S. Women's History*—Wilma Mankiller, Gwendolyn Mink, Marysa Navarro, and Gloria Steinem, you—led the group to include two entries on "Feminism." Can you talk more about that?

Smith: That's a complicated issue. I don't want to presume to talk about somebody else's politics, so maybe I should just talk about my own: I have always believed in grassroots organizing, and that with our current economic system, that it's not possible to have full freedom, because capitalism does not permit that.

There are definitely variations among [the editors]. Some might think that if we fix patriarchy, then everything else will fall into line. And I feel that if we fix capitalism—or get rid of it, more accurately—then maybe we'd have a chance. Because with this level of economic exploitation you can't have full human rights. We have free speech, but in many cases we don't have real freedom because we're so scourged by our economic system. What good is free speech if you're completely marginalized and impoverished because of racism?

There is no country on Earth that has ever had a system of government that I myself would consider ideal. What I would like to see is a socialist-feminist, antiracist, system where woman-of-color leadership is nurtured and respected. That's why I do the political work I do; it's with that vision in mind.

On Our Backs: The antipornography activist Kathleen Barry wrote *The Reader's Companion's* entry on "Sexual Slavery," and Andrea Dworkin authored the pornography section. Also, there are scant references to the pro-sex movement, and nothing on the history of SM and feminism. Were these conscious decisions?

Smith: Yes. There were serious disagreements between what I would call the conventional, radical feminist perspective on sexuality and pornography, and those of us who tried to get other voices in. We did what we could, given the limitations of [having] different politics. And not having SM—probably all of us would have had trouble seeing SM as a part of a feminist agenda.

There were certain articles that I had absolute disagreements with. And you've actually mentioned some of them. But it was a group enterprise.

On Our Backs: In a recent essay from *The Truth That Never Hurts*, you called the Human Rights Campaign's plans for a "Millennium March" elitist, reactionary, and "the epitome of undemocratic tactics as well as of racism." Are you still protesting it?

Smith: Absolutely. But it's not just about stopping the march. I saw this millennium fiasco as an opportunity to raise issues about what kind of movement we want to have. What are our priorities? When the Human Rights Campaign endorses Senator Al D'Amato—who is against reproductive freedom, who is documented in his racist and anti-Semitic remarks, who has been a disaster for poor and working people in New York State, and also for people in the country as a whole—they're sending a real message: "Hey, it's just about some gay rights for some well-off white people, and the rest of ya'll can go hang."

They may very well have a million white, affluent men in Washington on the mall—fine. And they might have a few women who identify with those kind of politics. But for [the rest of us], we probably won't be there with them.

On Our Backs: In an interview with the editors of *Homo Economics*, you said that high on your list of gay and lesbian priorities, if you were setting the national agenda, would be violence against gays and lesbians. As the anniversary of Matthew Shepard's death approaches, what would you suggest to **On Our Backs'** readers?

Smith: I would suggest that one look at hate violence in this society outside of one's own identity and relationship to it. What disturbs me so much about the response to the Matthew Shepard case is that there was nothing like it in response to the lynching of James Byrd a few months before from the lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered community, nor from the feminist community.

It's very clear to me, that, even in the case in the murders of lesbians, gays, bisexual, and transgendered people of color, they don't get the kind of play that attacks on white people do. And that boils down to race and racism. Who is considered to be of value? Who can we identify with? People like us, versus people who are not really people.

On Our Backs: Second on your list was "a sexual revolution—we never had one, even though they say we did." What did you mean by that?

Smith: What we had was the invention of fairly easy-to-use contraception, so that the stigma and the consequences of women being sexual—heterosexually—were lifted.

Now, whether that was a sexual revolution or not is really open to question.

For one thing, the punishments that have to do with being sexually active are still visited on certain women, at certain times, and potentially on all women. Efforts to overturn *Roe v. Wade* started in the 1970s with the Hyde Amendment [which took away federal funding for abortions for women who are poor]. Some forces in the society still think that if a woman is sexually active, she needs to pay with children she hadn't planned on having. [And] to this day, we still do not have fool-proof and safe methods of contraception. That just shows how much of a sexual revolution we *didn't* have.

For a lesbian magazine, maybe readers will be thinking, "What does this have to do with us?" It has a hell of a lot to do with us, because we're women, and as long as we're women, and women are oppressed, we're going to be oppressed as well, whether we need access to contraception or not.

On Our Backs: In *The Truth That Never Hurts*, you wrote about how the government covered up the fact that the Oklahoma City bombings were committed by a white supremacy group; and how the Clarence Thomas hearings were actually a cause for hope for black feminists. What is your analysis of the more recent Clinton-Lewinsky scandal?

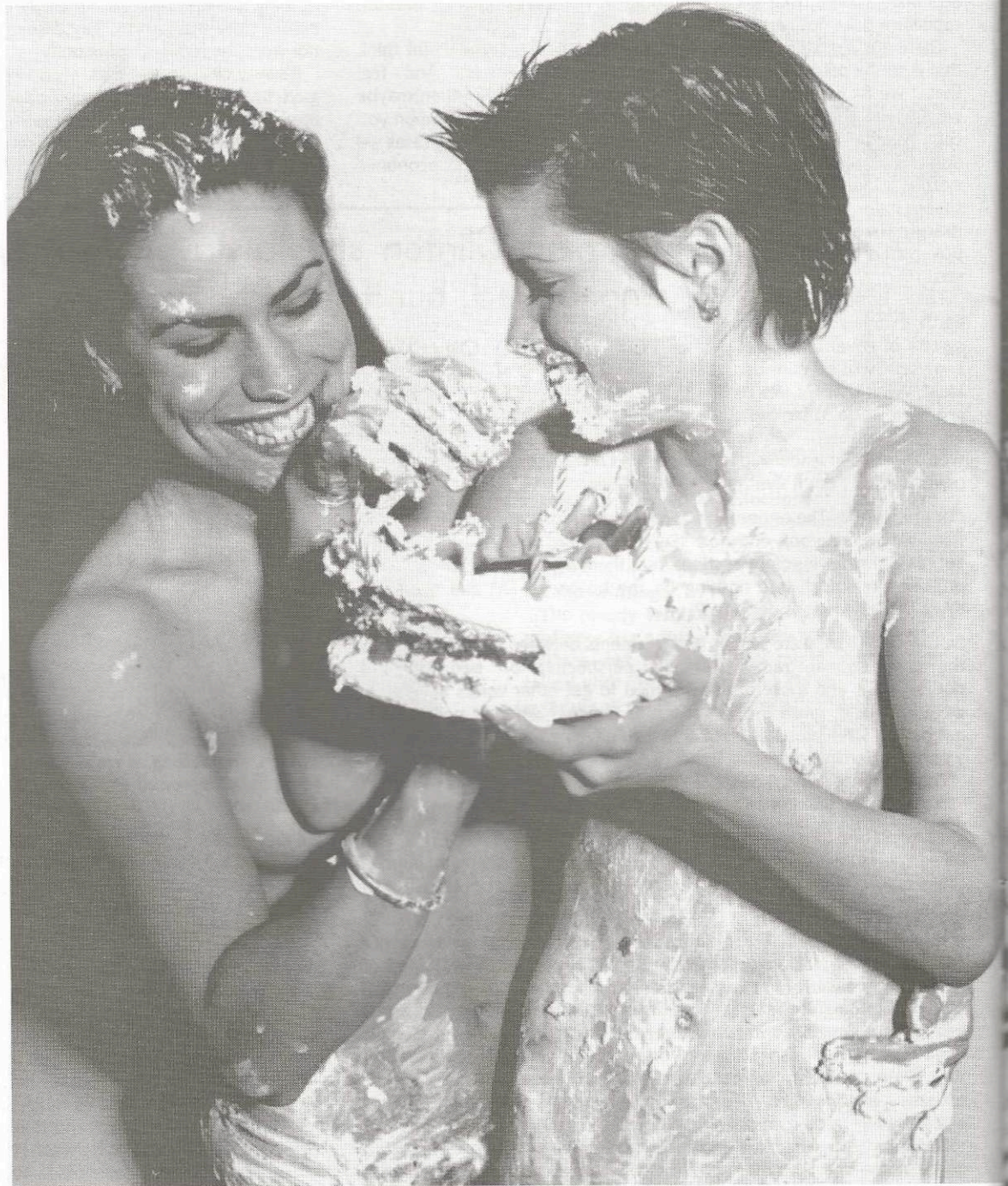
Smith: I think Clinton should have been impeached, but it should have been for taking away welfare from poor women and their children, for the "three strikes you're out" crime bill, for his stand on capital punishment, and for [his policies] on gays in the military. I think he should be impeached for his empty Initiative on Race, and for bombing Iraq.

Those are the things I would see him impeached for, not for having sex with Monica. He can have as much sex as he wants; he's a big fool to have it in the White House and think he can get away with it. He's an idiot. Where did he think he was? [The scandal] epitomizes white-male arrogance. Hillary obviously made her lot with him, but I feel badly for Chelsea. He has problems; the man needs serious psychological intervention. But he still has a job today. ☺

"I think Clinton should have been impeached, but it should have been for taking away welfare from poor women and their children."

Happy Birthday Bang

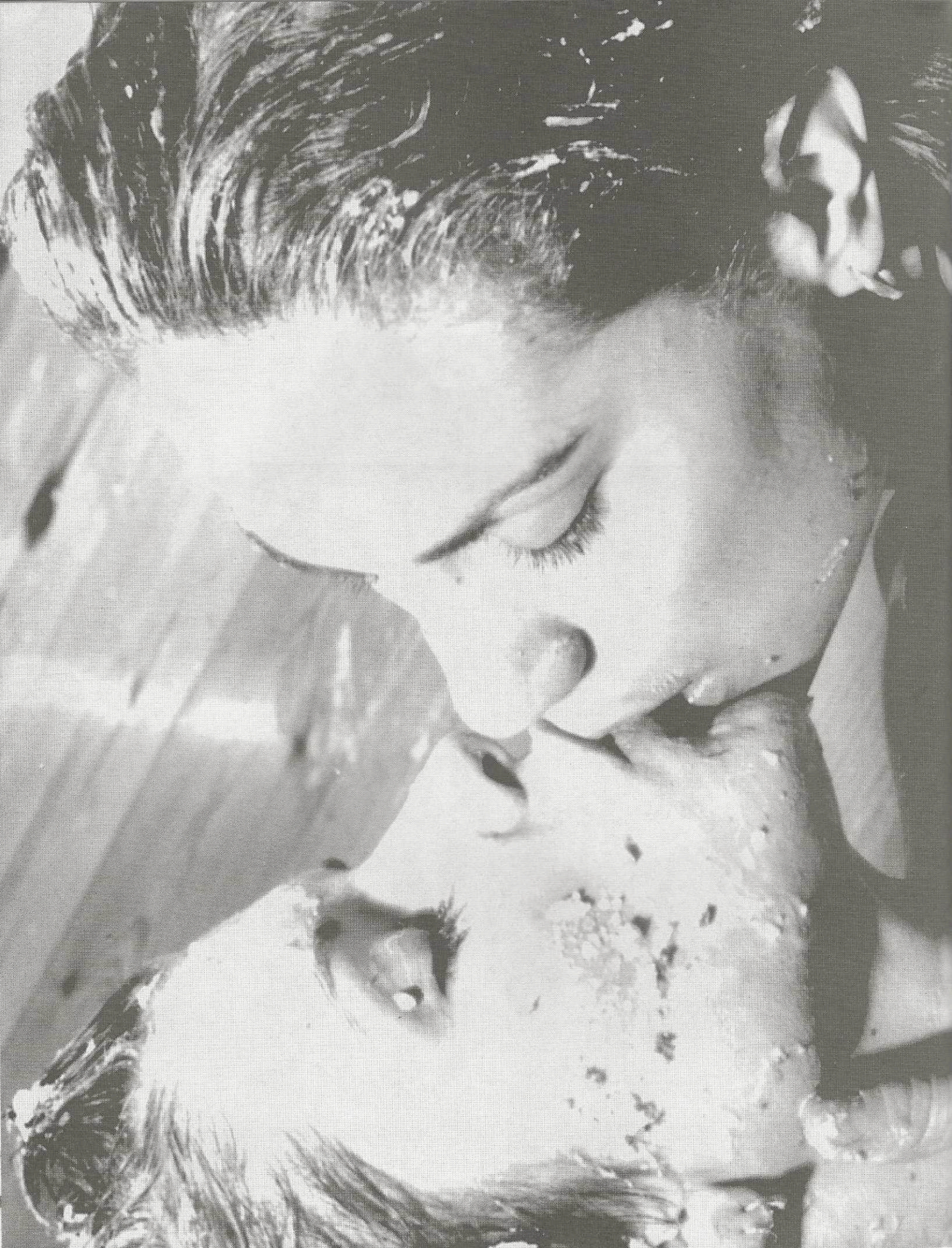
*Sophie and Sam have their cake,
and eat each other, too.*



Happy Birthday to us! It's **On Our Backs'** 15th anniversary (and one year since our relaunch). We thought we'd celebrate with the hot and sticky buns of Sophie and Sam. Please do try this at home: especially if you've got a sweet girl with a sweet tooth and an even sweeter pussy. —y.h.

Photography by Laurence Jaugey-Paget

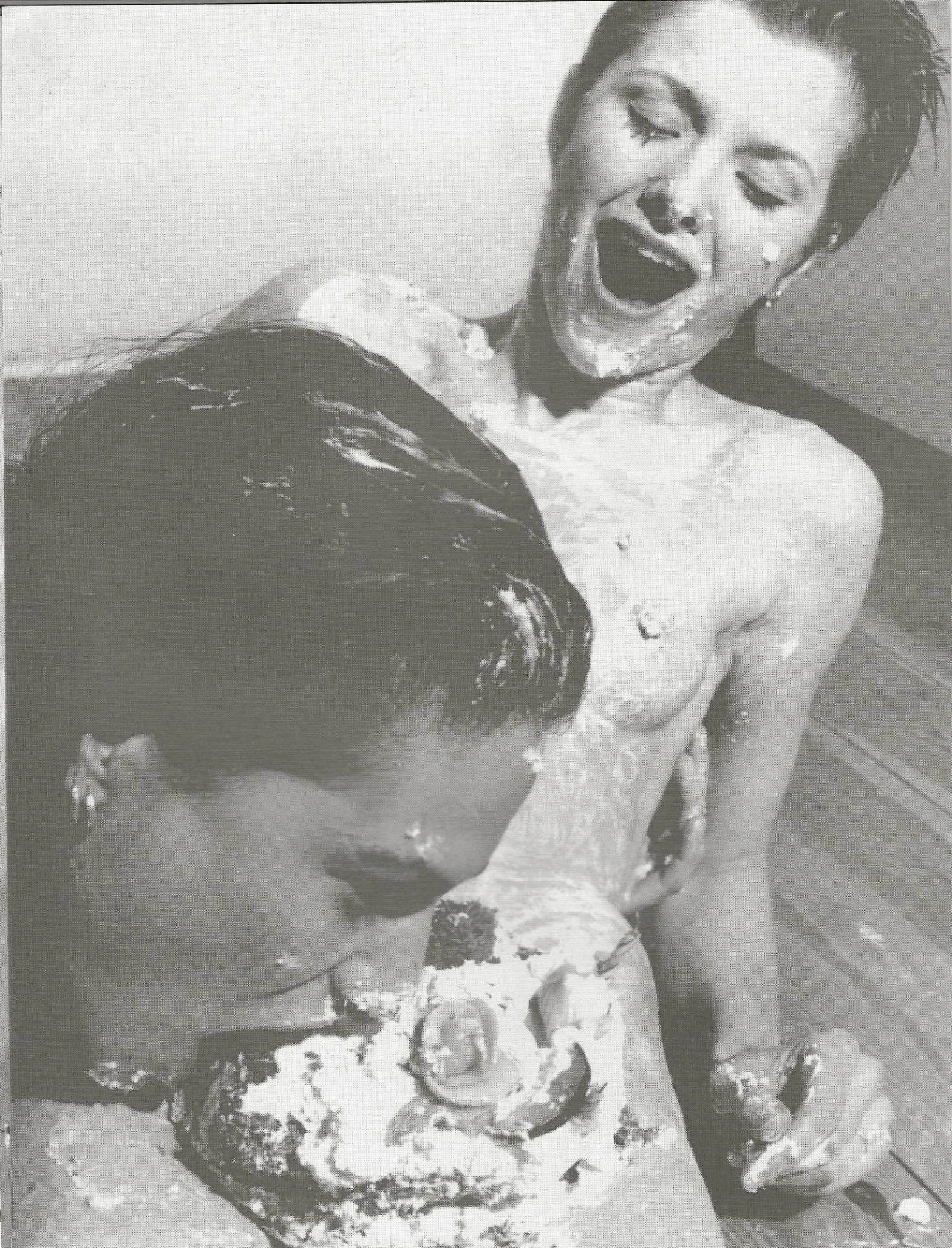






OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX





IS SM ON THE WAY OUT?

AS QUEERS BECOME ASSIMILATED, LEATHERDYKES WORRY THAT WE'RE NEXT.

BY LORI SELKE

Fifteen years ago, sadomasochism was an underground lifestyle, and lesbian SM a hotly contested issue. Now, ads for cigarettes, software, and breath mints have co-opted SM imagery. Lesbian chic has come and (hopefully) gone, and Madonna, that great appropriator of "exotic" cultures, consumed and discarded bondage and discipline years ago. Instead of closed parties and secret societies, we have public clubs and leather restraints at the mall. What does this mean for the SM community? As SM continues to grow, will it, paradoxically, cease to exist?

LIFE DURING WARTIME

"A lot of what we were fighting for, we've actually achieved," says SM historian and activist Gayle Rubin. In the heavy days of the 1980s, she says, when the Sex Wars was still a shooting battle, "just to do SM meant we had to fight for space. But that battle has largely subsided."

Kiki Carr, former editor of *Cuir Underground* and founder of the San Francisco Bay Area women's group The Pervert Scouts, says that in the early 1990s, "I had tried to get into the Outcasts [a San Francisco women's group], and it was just a big hassle. You had to write a letter to this P.O. box, and you might or might not get a reply back inviting you to a new-member orientation, which you may or may not be able to get to."

At the time, such secrecy was understandable. Treasure, 43, talks eloquently about her experiences in the 1980s in Boston. She recalls being called "Nazis, monsters, abusers of women" on the way to the meetings at the women's center. She recalls pinecones thrown at a friend's head at the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. "I had a bottom that other women were planning to kidnap and deprogram," she says. "They thought no one in their right mind would consent to having both their nipples pierced, so I must have brainwashed her."

EVERYTHING NEW IS OLD AGAIN

"There's been a demographic explosion," Rubin says, "and that's very significant." In fact, this enormous population expansion in itself is likely the most significant change in the past two decades of lesbian SM.

Some players fear that because SM has become so accessible, it's well on its way to losing its punch. In earlier days, SM "took a pretty considerable commitment," says Rubin. Now, however, there is the potential for SM to be more casual—"walk in, walk out."

And this may have precipitated a backlash.

Some women have begun to identify themselves with what they call "Old Guard" or "Old School" traditions, noted for their hierarchy and formality. Many quote quasi-genealogical lineages of dubious meaning, detailing who trained whom in their family tree.

But Treasure says neither Guard nor School ever really existed. "When I see people now talking about the Old Guard," she says, "and how slaves never use their own names, it's this slave or this boy or this girl, and there's no consent; if you're a bottom, that's it, anything goes. Well, that's not how it was." Wolfie concurs. She believes that the Old School phenomenon is a reaction to the demographic sea change that washed over the SM community over the past few years. "All of a sudden, who we are has become popular, and people want a way to differentiate themselves from posers," she says. "And so people latch onto these terms in order to say, 'I'm real.' Because everybody wants to be real."

"It's the zeal of the converted," declares Wolfie. "I see a lot of people buying into this romanticized, cleansed version of what the Old Guard was, and therefore they're not really learning the history, because it's not glamorous." One danger of this romanticization is that the real history of SM may be forgotten.

OLD PLAY, NEW FOLKS

In terms of practices, it seems there's no such thing as "a new SM." Single-tail whips, cutting and piercing, Daddy play, all have come and gone over the past few decades, but Rubin points out that "they're not new, only popular." The one exception may be the recent, increased popularity of gender play: sucking lesbian cock, drag, and playing as "gay boys."

What has changed is the nature of SM communities themselves. In the 1980s, only San Francisco's SM support group, the Outcasts, were explicitly and openly welcoming to both bisexual and transgender women. Now several groups, including New York's Lesbian Sex Mafia, have revised their policies to be more inclusive. "I think

it's gotten a little friendlier in terms of sexuality," says Phoebe. "I think people are a little more able to deal if you're bisexual, or maybe you're a heterosexual who likes to play with women [nonsexually]."

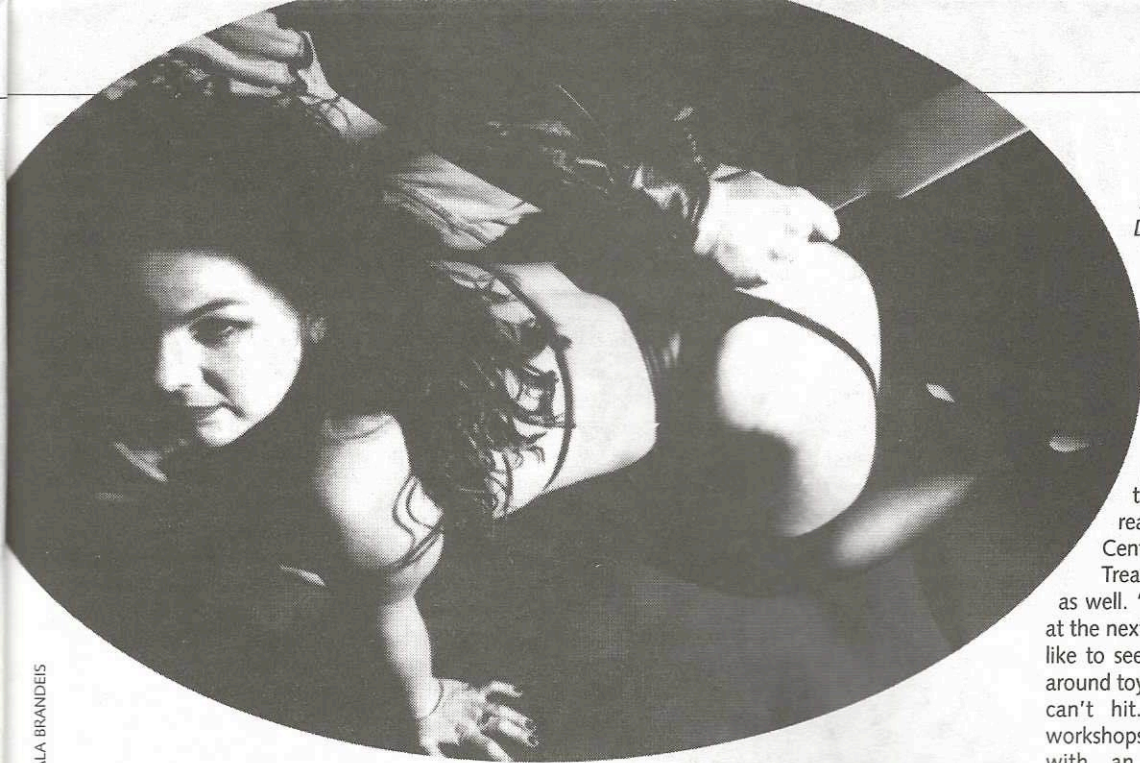
Although the scene remains overwhelmingly white and middle class, more women of color have also come into the community in recent years. OUT/WRITE founder and organizer Karen Bullock-Jordan says, "I wouldn't say there are tons more women of color in the scene, but the last two or three International Ms. Leather [titleholders] were all black women. That's impressive. That's the harbinger of something new."

Perhaps the fastest-growing SM community is developing across a technology that wasn't even available 15 years ago: the Internet. Cecilia Tan, author and founder of the SM-influenced Circlet Press, came out via the Net. "I had moved to Boston, was single, I had this really strong inkling that I was interested in SM, but I didn't know that there was SM to be interested in," she says. "And then *voilà!* I log in, I look up alt.sex.bondage, and there are 50 messages a day from people who had been in the leather community for years." Tan credits the Internet with accelerating her coming-out into leather; just six months after getting online, she joined the New England chapter of the National Leather Association and got involved in national activism.

THE DE-POLITICIZING OF SM

"I know that [SM] is socially and politically important, but for me there are so many things in life that are heavy and serious," says Pandora. "This is my fun. I just want to spank butts! I don't want to weigh it down."

Her feeling is not unique: several dykes we spoke to echoed her sentiments. "There's a certain level of apathy" in the SM community now, says Wolfie, although she admits that this may be a reflection of the culture as a whole. "It's the whole bread-and-circuses thing." Rubin agrees; she's worried that by only seeing the "small picture" of our home communities, we're



letting ourselves be lulled into a false sense of well-being.

Rubin may have a point: just last year, Treasure was fired from her job working on the sexuality workshop series at the National Women's Music Festival because she was "clearly not responding to the interests of the women at the festival." Specifically, she continued to sponsor SM workshops, despite a handful of negative comments. Now, according to her, the sexuality series is "all vanilla."

Treasure's experience did not surprise her: as mainstreamed as SM has become, and even after the Sex Wars, she thinks that, outside of a few cities, the two are quite separate. "SM women may go to concerts and events, but they're not going to sit on the board for the local women's health center," she says. Because of this, SM dykes active in the women's community still feel pressured to keep their kink to themselves; outreach and education within the women's community, in regards to SM, is at an impasse.

Both sides lose in this situation, says Treasure. Without a traditional, feminist education for SM dykes, she says, "some of those fine lines around consent have been lost. People say, 'Oh, yeah, safe words' and that's it. Saying one time, I'll be your submissive—or your master—doesn't mean you've given up your right to consent, or to withdraw consent."

POST-SM?

In some communities, lesbian SM may be in the doldrums. Carr notes that in the Bay Area, "There aren't that many parties going on right now. Play parties [SM sex parties] provide a big social connection, and that's dead as far as I can tell. Maybe it's gotten to the point where SM is so easy, so accepted...it's not necessary to hook up socially. It can be something that they do with their girlfriend." Rubin says that she sometimes

feels "there's a missing center, and I'm not sure how to get it back."

Although arguably the queer community has been more supportive of the lesbian SM community than has the traditional feminist community, all is not well. Tan notes gay and lesbian assimilation has meant a growing queer conservatism; she says it's the "if only you weirdo drag queens and leatherpeople would sit down and shut up, the rest of us could get our rights" line. We need to resist that in a "strong, strategic way," says Bullock-Jordan.

"I would like to see the leather community become more aware of itself and what it could accomplish if it was more cohesive," says Wolfie, "without the snarking and the competition. [I see] so many of the intelligent, articulate women in our community not liking each other. It's not quite as bad as the 17th-century French court, but there are moments.

And we don't even have as nice drag as *Dangerous Liaisons*."

Though the population has increased, there has not been an equivalent growth in institutions that can address or service the community, says Rubin. She would like to see more people working to "upgrade the public economy and business infrastructure of the community. More people should put their money where their lusts are." Wolfie concurs. "There really is no great Leather Community Center," she notes—and there should be.

Treasure would like to see something else as well. "At the next International Ms. Leather, at the next Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, I'd like to see a workshop that's not about passing around toys and talking about where you can and can't hit." Rather, she would like to see workshops about how to help each other survive, with an emphasis on psychological and interpersonal skills.

Tan sees cause for hope in the future. Ironically, her vision depends on the presence of those same exact newcomers to SM that some other people despise, the recreational or hobby players. "The more included those people feel, the more they feel like us. I'm counting on those people when the vice squad comes knocking." Bullock-Jordan, too, sees potential in a more diverse SM population. "Any sort of community that starts out being relatively hegemonic, when other groups start coming in, things are going to have to change. And I'm excited about that."

In any case, SM in the next millennium might bear little resemblance to the SM of the past half-century. Carr speculates, "I think it might go the way of 'post-gay.' In 20 years, maybe it won't matter if someone's a pervert or not, as a cultural marker. Which is good for the you-can't-pigeonhole-me crowd, but not so good for a sense of culture."

THE FUTURE OF SM

What will the next millennium hold in store for SM?

"In the future, people will ask if anyone ever really did these things in person. Latex will be considered Old Guard." —author Laura Antoniou

"With all the wonderful body modifications, it's going to be fabulous. I can't wait till we all have fangs and wings. They have the technology, so why don't we have wings yet? Prehensile tails, pointy ears, and wings; dammit, I want it now!" —professional dominant Pandora

"SM will be out of the closet! There's a guy who competed in leather pageants running for city council in Denver right now. Another thing I think we'll see is the rise of practicing religious SMers: Christians, Jews, and Buddhists, who incorporate masochism and submission into their worship." —author and publisher Cecilia Tan

"In the future, vintage Nikes and Reeboks will palpate the hearts of shoe fetishists—you know, something like an old-fashioned Air Jordan Nike from 1998. Extreme sportswear will become the new fetish fashion.

"Hologram decks will make dungeon decorating sooo much easier! Man-to-man SM erotica, not woman-to-woman kink, will become the mainstream hot button. And lesbian SM porn will feature actual lesbians who know what they're doing."

—International fetish diva Mistress Midori

—I.s.

THE PRIMROSE PILGRIMAGE

A fantastic voyage into the pink

by Karen Kay Tritten



Illustration by Teresa Moore

The room was tiny, its walls decorated with holographs of sundered vaginas, each with a tiny snapshot of the orifice's possessor in an upper corner. At a cluttered desk sat a man wearing an extravagantly garish floral print shirt and an even more outlandish pink floral scarf, eyes hidden behind sunglasses with small black lenses that gave him the look of a pensive insect.

"Siddown, girls," he said cheerily, gesturing toward a pair of gossamer thatch chairs.

Doozie shot Clarissa a sidelong but noncommittal glance as they sat down. Clarissa crossed her legs in a motion that spectacularly emphasized the shortness of her skirt, and by the consequent arching of the man's eyebrows, one could easily imagine his eyes widening behind the opaque lenses.

"I'm Nate," he said, and Doozie and Clarissa introduced themselves in turn.

Nate leaned forward and stared with straightforward pleasure at Clarissa's leg, then abruptly barked, "Rrrrrrowwwfff!" with rowdy bravado. "Lookin' good, girls!" he said, smiling at both of them.

Doozie returned a look of droll detachment, smiling coolly.

"I got just two words," Nate said.

Clarissa gave Doozie a little glance of puzzlement, then confronted Nate's gaze.

"You're hired," he said.

"Well," Doozie said, "we're flattered, I guess, but maybe we should hear a little something about the job."

"Sure, of course. But there's just one requirement, girls." His eyes moved from Clarissa's exquisitely accented calf to her seemingly levitant breasts. "Beauty. And I gotta say, you both got it all over sunsets and sonnets in that department."

Doozie said, "Well, I guess the salary's a good place to start..."

"Just so. That would be 50 platinum eclairs per session, which includes the pre-dunk mixer. And two sessions per night is standard. I gather you know what the job calls for."

"Fill us in," Doozie said.

Nate considered the remark, then guffawed loudly. "Yeah, that's about it," he exclaimed with a salacious grin. "Well, we're talkin' rosy sojourn here, scenic paradise in the fullest, deepest, and, ah, *pinkest* sense. Like, pussy is by all means most men's and plenty of women's idea of the very best thing that nature ever came up with, honeysuckle roses and hot plum duff not excluded! Where is it your average guy, humanoid or non, wants to find himself as often as possible? Snug to the bollocks in *sweet hot pussy*, right? Yep, and it's every lesbian's idea of supreme cuisine. Call it what you want—cupid's subway, gash, quim, nookie, jelly gulley, or the old grumous grotto, puss puss is definitely the place where it's at and where the 'in' crowd congregates!"

Doozie and Clarissa exchanged a glance of somewhat *degagé* amusement, then both fixed Nate with stares of mock pique at his officiously vulgarian manner.

"Well, you won't get an argument from us," Clarissa said, and she and Doozie smiled at each other in a way that defined their relationship quite clearly.

"If you're lezzie you can work together, hostess and stimulatix," Nate said without missing a beat. He leaned forward, snapped his fingers, and exclaimed, "Voilà!"

In mid-air before him a holographic oval of soft white light appeared, the light gradually fading to be replaced by the beginning of a promotional film for Pink, Inc. Institutional types in white garb were shown in a laboratory while a narrator explained the discovery of an amazing miniaturization process that made it possible for people to be reduced to sizes of no less than a quarter of an inch. The voice went on to describe Pink, Inc.'s application of the process: namely, its design of a plastiglass dildo with an interior like that of the first-class section in an aircraft, only in *this* aircraft, one could embark on a thrilling ride into the depths of a beautiful woman's vagina. A hand held up such a dildo, inside which were a number of passengers in tiny plush seats facing outward, their faces expressing absolute delight. The image changed to that of an alluringly beautiful brunette lying on apricot-colored silk sheets with her legs spread and being ministered to with the same dildo by a young man who eased it with elaborate

care inside her to the very shaft, then out again, the camera moving in for an extreme close-up of tiny faces staring out, rapt with a sense of speechless wonder reminiscent of the expressions of people in an old Spielberg movie who would stand in the revelatory glow of some extraterrestrial presence.

The holographic image disappeared, and the women found themselves looking at Nate's broadly grinning face.

"You can take your tropic cruise or interplanetary tour," he said, "but *this* trip is one no travel agency can match!"

"When do we start?" Doozie wanted to know.

Naked except for her two strands of pearls that looped down into the space between her heavy voluptuous breasts, Doozie lay back on a lavender satin bedspread against a big pillow and parted her legs to reveal her cunt. Her labia

were furled shut from base to clit, the rimpled shawls of pink flesh disclosing no hint of sensual arousal. Yet her green

eyes were alight with excitement as she parted her legs even wider so Clarissa could move

between them to touch the tip of her tongue to the beguiling folds. Doozie closed her eyes

as she felt the tongue unseal her slit, embellishing the incision with meticulous

back-and-forth trimming motion. She felt sensations of heat blossoming within, and held

her girlfriend's head with her hands to guide the movement of her mouth. Lubrication stirred inside her,

girl cream being brewed and churned in the deep nether dairy

of her pussy. A minute passed, two, and Doozie did not have to look to know that her cunt was open now as ostentatiously as an orchid in full efflorescence, the involuted rosettes in the shallow gap rinsed with a secretion like liquid pearl.

Cunt was surely the most terrific thing in all the universe, Doozie thought, and her mind burgeoned with images of cunt. There were gleaming but scarcely damp cunts that looked like hammered metal medallions and cunts irrigated with nacreous ooze that made her think of lowland floods in Eden; cunts whose portals looked like gnarled grottos and ones that opened like lilac vortexes into phantasmagorical kaleidoscopes; cunts like meat-devouring flowers and ones agape like caves full of pitch-black darkness, with pink stalactites and stalagmites at the opening; cunts like turnstiles to the devil's private rooms and ones as tidy and well-conformed as the pink roses on a white birthday cake.

Doozie opened her eyes, and before her was the transparent dildo Clarissa held up. From within a row of little faces, both male and female, stared out at her with wonderment and desire. She recognized each of them from the small party that had preceded this session, the purpose of which had been for the homunculi to meet her, be exposed personally to her beauty, and mingle long enough to become charged with passionate desire for her.

Doozie sighed as Clarissa very slowly slid the dildo into the channel of her pussy, wet enough now throughout to afford it smooth, slick passage, deep, deeper, then fully inside with the tip of the conveyance bunting very softly against the spongy presence of her cervix. The hull was so soft as to permit no abrasive discomfort. Doozie threw her head back and clenched her fists gently as Clarissa fucked her delicately. She tried to imagine what it was like inside the dildo and conjured up a picture of the illuminated fuselage, looking out at the envelopment of deep pink walls and the successive swash of milky rills against the transparent surface as her cunt rippled with little orgasmic shivers and worked up virtual suds of come.

Inside the dildo the passengers beheld the damask vaginal walls through thin veils and turbid swirls of spunk. One passenger, a young man with a look more maniacal than enchanted, rushed to the front of the vessel, face pressed to the glass as they plunged toward the spongy, awesome maw of the cervical inlet to the womb. Wild-eyed, he envisioned a schematic view of the unguent maze he was in—the great hollow chamber of the uterus, the soft nodes of the G-spot, the cask of bladder. He took the explosive charge from an inside jacket pocket and applied it to the hull, then retreated back along the aisle to avoid the blast. If his figures were correct, the only danger would be concussion and the device would blow a section of the hull neatly outward, enough to permit him to dive headlong into the glorious swale and be swept in a flow of alabaster brine, deep into the sacred sanctum of a living pussy, where he would suffocate

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*"Lubrication stirred inside her,
girl cream being brewed and
churned in the deep nether
dairy of her pussy."*

Two Girls & a Snake..... Wolfie and Eris



Photography by Peter DaSilva



We noticed each other from across the meadow.

Curled up with my python, Fluffy, I watched her walk through the grass.

I hoped she didn't have a problem with snakes.

It's not often I meet other radical faerie women, especially when I'm out sunning with serpents.

Her eyes were electric, and my python gave her a thorough going over before wrapping around us both, pulling us close.

Her scent was subtle, and soon my tongue was as busy as my snake's.

We coiled around each other, energy building, until we didn't even notice that Fluffy had slithered between us, and then bound us together. Snakes know.

The heat of the sun, the smell of sweat, cunt, and crushed grass.

Magick was all around us. Pure and present.

Faerie meet, and faerie part, and faerie meet again.

—W.





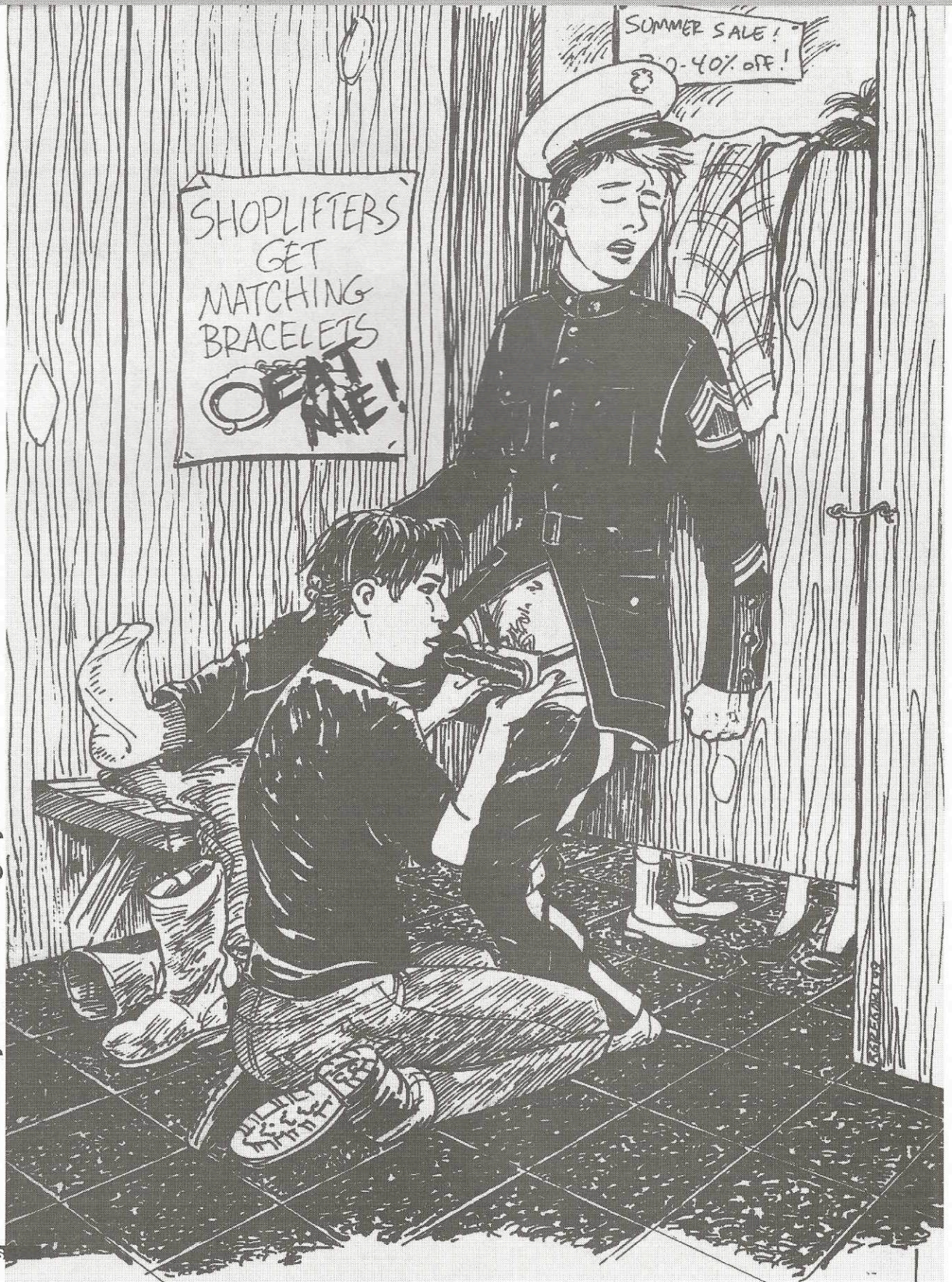






THRIFT STORE BOYS

Illustration by Roberta Gregory



BY DORIAN KEY

The best thing about going down to San Diego, beyond getting to see my sisters and my grandma, is the thrift stores. When you're near broke it's hard to buy your way out of a broken heart, but it's almost possible at the second-hand stores near Camp Pendleton. Especially if you have a raging uniform fetish and you get your hands on a \$15 full Marine dress uniform, made just for a lanky, lean boy like you—or perhaps for the boy next to you who grabs the suit right when you do.

"Hey!" I yelp, pulling on the suit while this young guy yanks the other way. But I look a little closer, and realize he's not a high school student, or a young Marine. No, it's a boy, kinda like me, although with darker hair and eyes almost hidden by long ragged bangs. Bangs that he pushes out of his face, eyes that look a little desperate and wild. A tall handsome boy who would look great in the uniform we're both clutching with sweaty nervous hands.

The unwritten rule at thrift stores is, whoever finds it first has first dibs, so of course I say, "I saw it first!"

"No way, man, I saw it way before you were drooling over it!" he answers.

"Aw, shit," and I don't want to get in a huge fight right there in the Disabled Veterans' thrift store and cause any more attention than I already have with the gender guessing game that's been going on at the front counter ever since I walked in. Although I start to think it would be pretty funny for two boy-dykes to get in a tussle over a uniform in this town. But then I look more closely at her and realize she's pretty fucking cute, and she might even look as good as me, or possibly even better, in the now-somewhat-crumpled uniform.

"Heck," I have an idea. "Why don't we both try it on and see who it fits best, then that person can have it?" I'm also thinking that if it doesn't fit me I'll probably be able to find another one somewhere in San Diego County, also known as America's largest military installation.

So she nods and then smiles slowly, and perhaps even wickedly. "Dressing room's thataway." She motions to the far wall. My grip relaxes a little with this possibility of a solution. She takes that instant to yank the suit out of my hand and starts charging over to the cubicle. And I trot after her, following her to the dressing room all the way up to the slamming plywood door right in my face. And she flings her jacket over the top of the door, and that does smack me in the head. I hop up and look over at her dark scruffy head and say, "Hey."

"Hey yourself," she answers. "You're just going to have to wait out there while I get this thing on."

"Man," I whine.

"Just chill," is her unsympathetic answer.

So I do, crossing my arms and tapping one foot on the floor and then the other, over and over until I've hypnotized myself with a view of tapping boots on worn speckled asphalt tile. Tile that reminds me of my old junior high and its rundown, ratty old school buildings while the guys on the Marine base nearby had lovely new tanks, bombs, and uniforms. This base where my mom worked as a teacher was not exotic or exciting. My friends and I thought the Marines were geeks; we called them jar-heads and despised everything about them. Funny how I grew up to be a uniform fetishizing boy-dyke. But I still don't like the military, I just like the uniforms and how perverted and all-American-boyish I look, but am not, in them.

"Cut that fucking tapping out," her voice comes snapping under the door and I look down to see her white-sock-clad hairy legs stepping into the blue pants. I stop my little dance to stoop a bit lower to see more of what's up with her, till unfortunately she sees a tuft of my hair and swats at me. "Hang on there cowboy, I've almost got it all on. And get your goddamned head out of here!"

I go back to doing a modified, quieter dance on the scuffed floor and realize that the guy carefully positioning scruffy toys on a shelf is staring at me. I guess I look like I have to pee real bad, but I'm just excited about taking my turn in that uniform. Then she steps out. And it fits her pretty fucking good. The high-collared black coat with red piping and shiny gold buttons hugs her broad shoulders and she smooths the coattails down over the royal-blue wool-pants. She does a quick military march down the aisle and then a fashion spin in front of me. "Well, what do you think?"

"Not bad," I answer, "but not even half as good as it's going to look on me."

This little military man scowls at me and returns to the dressing room in a quick moment. Next thing I know she opens the door, her T-shirt half tucked into her jeans, and shrugging her jacket back over her shoulders. "Your turn" and she motions me into the cramped room. Then she leans up against the wall and settles in, like she's waiting for a bus.

"Well, get out." I say waiting for her to exit.

"Naw, I'll just hang out in here," she says, "You might need my help or something."

I start to argue, but then I realize that, hey, I just might need her help or something. I move inside and latch the door behind me and then it's just me and this messily dressed boy. And I'm supposed to

get undressed with my knees hitting her, and I bump my forehead on her chin, making her teeth click. As I'm pulling down my pants I try to turn away when I remember that I have my dick in my underwear. She sees my motion and looks down to see what I'm hunching over, the bulge in my pants. She tilts her head back with a wide snide smile and says nothing. So I struggle into the pants, her damp, warm breath skirting the top of my head.

For taking off my shirt I turn my backside to her so she won't see my naked chest. But I end up with her knee up against my ass. And she rubs against me. I turn, quickly buttoning the uniform jacket, my bare belly showing through. "Hey, watch it!"

"Sorry," she shrugs. "Not a lot of room in here."

"Yeah, and that's why I thought it'd be best that you wait *outside*." My fingers are moving rapidly, nervously, trying to do the top metal clasp, and she reaches out and puts her hands over mine, warmth over my anxious chill.

"Here, let me do it." She slides the clasp together, but lets her hands linger over mine, giving them heat. We stand that way, close and quiet for a moment, two boys playing dress-up. Two boys playing alone in a small plywood room. And I think back to the rickety fort I had when I was 11 and of the sexual games me and my best friend would play there; how they usually involved us dressing like boys and forcing each other to do nasty, wicked things. I am brought back to the not-so-dissimilar present as her eyes look into mine and I nod. She leans forward and kisses me, roughly, full of pent-up energy. As my tongue starts to wrap around hers she pulls away, leaving me gasping, and then runs her mouth and tongue down my neck, and then follows her hands down my chest to my bulging crotch. She drops to her knees and almost rips the zipper out of the uniform pants with her impatient hands.

I whisper, "wait, here, let me help." I grab the tongue of the cold metal zipper and before I can pull it down she grasps it with her teeth and pulls it open. Then it is my white cotton jockeys that she is mouthing at, almost gnawing in her eagerness to get to my dick. Quickly she manages to pull me out with her fingers, and she licks the head of my cock with quick teasing darts, making me moan and push towards her. She pulls away and tilts her head up, giving me a nasty, wicked look. Then she plunges her mouth down over my dick, engulfing me in a quick, efficient moment, making me groan. She sucks and pulls on me, whimpering. Her hands move around to grab and squeeze my ass, pulling me deeper into her. I move my hands down to her head and hold her to me, my hands shaking in rough twitches, almost scratching her with my fingers, almost hitting her with my palms.

continued on page 42

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cheers & jeers

Compiled by Lori Selke

"There are so many cheery gay lifestyle movies out now. They're so affirmative. They're so annoying. I get the warm fuzzies from films that tell the dark truth because they connect with my experience and my sense of the world as a gay person. The darkest movie can make you feel really good." *Gods and Monsters* director Bill Condon



"Susan [Sarandon] is the ideal woman for me. I'm secretly in love with her. If anything ever happens to Tim [Robbins, Sarandon's partner], I'm more than willing to step in." *Julia Roberts in Woman's Day*



"I refuse to become a public hypocrite because I'm a parent now. Kids can handle sex. It's adults who can't handle sex that point to kids as a justification. They're just projecting their fucking hang-ups."

Dan Savage in Lavender



"As a former aspiring groupie, I really understand Monica's starfucker urges. Of course...all my efforts to sneak backstage at Lollapalooza and get cigar-fucked by L7 in '94 sadly failed, and now the president is copping all the perv glory around the cigar thing, while we homos know that dykes have been fucking each other with cigars for years! It's so unfair." *author Michelle Tea in the San Francisco Bay Times*

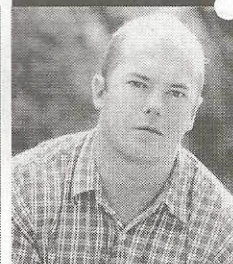
Michelle Tea in the San Francisco Bay Times



"'Bitch' should mean somebody who's strong and honest, but it usually means somebody who's harsh and difficult...I call a spade a spade. That's interpreted by a lot of people who don't want to be real as being a bitch, and of course it's offensive in that way. They can't handle honesty." *Sandra Bernhard*

"That a woman is not interested in politics would in no way make me less interested in her—it would probably make me more interested." *Politically Incorrect's Bill Maher in Playboy*

"In the gay underworld, women, too, are addicted to sex. And like men, they fuel their obsession with drugs and alcohol." *from the Fox Files television segment on "The Gay Underworld"*

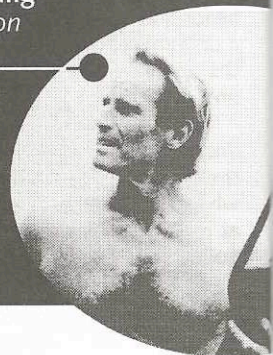


"I didn't come with any particular privilege. I don't understand what that means. Anybody who

can speak and write coherently can have access [to the mainstream], period." *Andrew Sullivan in The Advocate*

"In modern society there's already an army of children who are suffering because of the disintegration of the family. With adoption by homosexuals, that army will be destined to grow." *Rev. Gino Concetti in the Vatican newspaper Osservatore Romano*

"Those dead old white guys who invented this country knew what they were talking about." *Charlton Heston, actor*



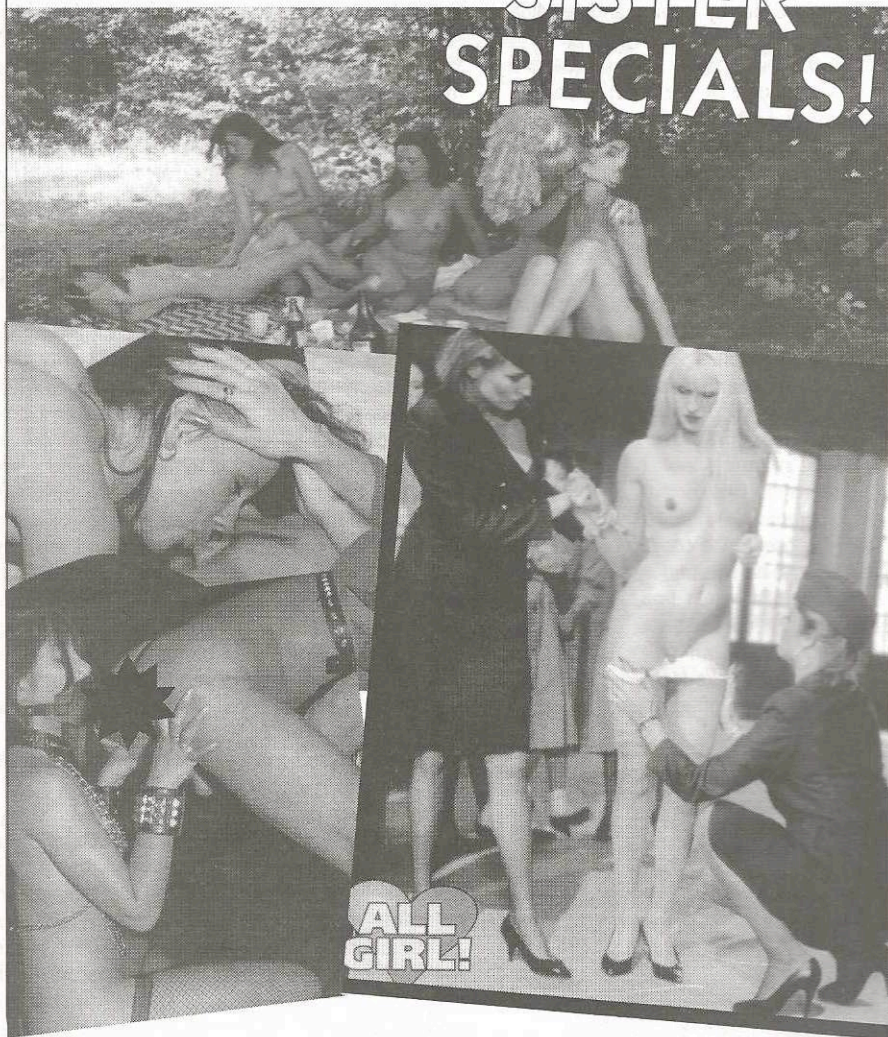
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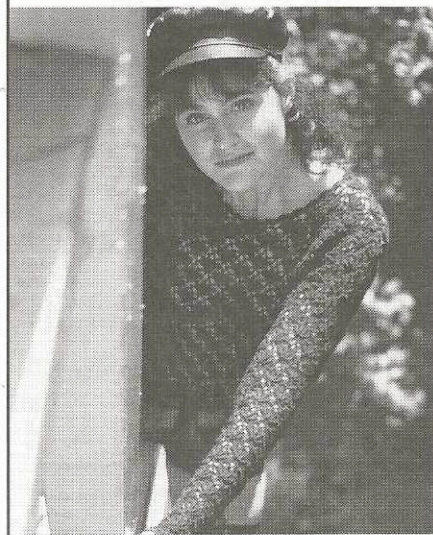
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THE PRIMROSE PILGRIMAGE

continued from page 31

ecstatically in the candent heat and pungent spume.
It would be the most exquisite death in history.

"Milk, pretty pussy?" Clarissa asked, pouring a glassful from a carton and holding the glass out for Doozie, who amused her by purring and bending forward on the bed to lap it up cat-style.

They were in the Sappho and Juliet suite at the Grand Orion Hotel, one of the most expensive accommodations in Erotopolis, but they figured they could afford to indulge such expense for a couple of nights. The 10,000 platinum crepes Nate had given Clarissa to keep the police out of the matter had made that possible, and they had both been pleased to hear that all of the passengers of the dildo but one were alive. At first, it had been unnerving for Doozie and Clarissa, wondering what had become of the unaccounted-for culprit. The story of what had happened was truly amazing, though having to wonder what became of the culprit had been unnerving. But only moments ago Clarissa, dividing the lips of her lover's cunt to lavish her mouth into the glistening nook, had stared with startled wonder as a tiny male body in a sodden suit was abruptly extruded, slid sluggishly down to lodge, in soggy repose, in the copper-rose niche of Doozie's asshole. And he was *smiling*.

"We'll bury him in a match box," Doozie had laughed, and put the corpse on the nightstand, where it now lay while both women set about inventing new ways to make love to each other, something they had a very gifted, mutual talent for.

THRIFT STORE BOYS

continued from page 39

And then I hear a voice, from outside of the changing room, "Are you young men almost done in there?" The boy at my dick starts moving her mouth up and down with unusual vigor, and I bang my head on the wall as I straighten up and look over the door to see the toy-shelving guy looking up at me. "There's some folks waiting to get in there," and he motions back to some teenaged girls.

"Um, sure," Then I notice his curious look at my kneeling partner who partly shows under the door, "We'll be finished in a second," I feel my face blushing to a brilliant shade of red as he stares at me, shakes his head ever so slightly, and then turns and walks back to his work.

"We'll be finished in a second," I repeat to his retreating back, to myself. I look down at the boy on my dick, who doesn't seem to be finishing up at all. She starts sliding up and down my dick slowly seeming to savor every inch of me, while she looks up at me, her eyes teasing and coy. "Cut it out, man," I hiss, "We gotta get out of here, now!" Her answer is to pull one hand away from my ass, travel her fingers down between my legs and into my underwear. She forces a few fingers below my dick and harness and into my extremely wet cunt. Then she increases her mouthspeed as she begins sucking and fucking me at the same time. "Christ!" I gasp and forget about the folks outside. I plunge my dick further into her and her fingers move deeper into my cunt in the same quick slide. I ride her face and hand fast and rough for a long minute until I can't keep myself from exploding and coming all over her fingers and inside her mouth.

Finally, she pulls away from me. My shiny, black rubber dick pops out of her mouth, and she runs her wet fingers under her nose and across her cheek. Briefly stunned, I feel my heart pounding in my chest and I breathe raggedly, almost panting, until I remember that we are in the dressing room at the DAV thrift store, with eager shoppers outside, wanting to try on clothes. Quickly, I push my dick back into my underwear and I lift up the boy by the front of her shirt. I struggle out of the uniform, in an almost panic. Our eyes meet, and we almost burst out laughing.

With our bodies shaking in silent hilarity, we get my clothes back on, grab the uniform, slide open the bolt on the door, and step out to now an audience of four people waiting to use the dressing room, although probably not as we had used it. The girls stare at us, probably trying to figure what the fuck we are and what the fuck we were doing in there.

The boy and I make our way up to the cash register. I put the uniform down on the counter, then we pause for a moment, "Go ahead," I say, "I think you deserve it more than me."

She grins, ducking her head in embarrassment and answers, "I don't know about that. Why don't we split the cost and then figure out who deserves it more at my place."

Under the circumstances it sounded like the wisest thing to do.

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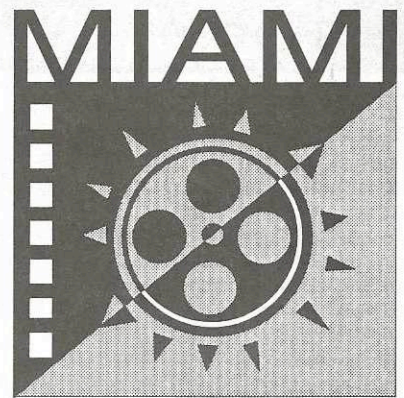
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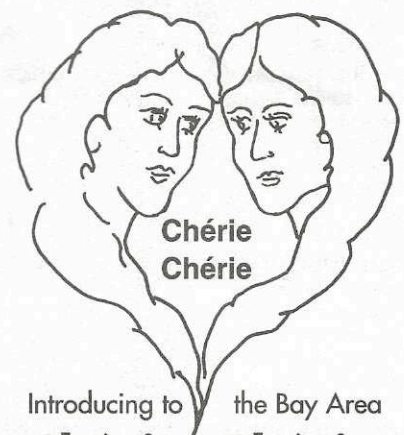


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Events

JUNE 1999

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JULY 1999

NATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR LESBIANS OF SIZE - A festival for fat lesbians, their friends and allies, women only - bi friendly. July 9-11 in Kingston, NY. For information contact National Organization for Lesbians of Size, www.breakinc.com/nolose, nolose@aol.com, 201-843-4639.

ANNIE SPRINKLE NEEDS YOUR HELP! *On Our Backs* contributor Annie Sprinkle lost everything she owned in a fire this April. Can you help her get back on her feet? Donations are being accepted at P.O. Box 396, Sausalito, CA, or send your contributions c/o *On Our Backs*, 3415 César Chavez 101, San Francisco CA 94110.

Personals

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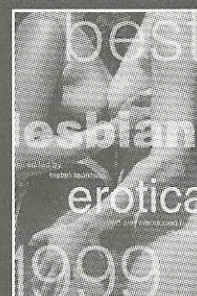
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friday 7/2

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- ★ We Got What Girls Want
Sue Ellen's - Surprise Entertainer - \$10 door
(sponsor to be announced)

saturday 7/3

independance

- ★ Dallas' Hottest Dance Event
DJ David Knapp (NYC Roxy & Limelight)
Gypsy Tea Room - \$35 advance; \$40 at the door

sunday 7/4

betsy's blues brunch

- ★ Featuring celebrity (to be announced)
State of Breast Cancer Address
admission, free buffet, open bar - \$80 value
Venue to be announced
11am - 3pm (admission with Weekend Pass only*)

sunday 7/4

LIBERTEA

- ★ The Perfect End for a Perfect Weekend
DJ Neil Lewis (SF Pleasuredome) - 6pm - 12am
House DJ - 12am - 4am - Club Seven - \$15 door

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I. Who are you?

Gender: ☐female ☐transgender ☐male

Age: _____

Your identity? ☐lesbian ☐bisexual ☐straight, or _____ (specify)

Your race? ☐African American ☐White ☐Asian American ☐Latina

☐Native American, or _____ (specify)

Your status? ☐single ☐one partner ☐more than one partner

Do you have children? ☐yes ☐no

Your education? ☐high school ☐college ☐advanced degree (Ph.D, M.A., other)

Where the heck are you? ☐rural ☐small town ☐suburbs ☐city

Do you ☐rent ☐own home, or _____ (specify)

If you own a car/motorcycle, what kind? (year/make) ____/____

Your annual household income? \$_____

In the last year, what have you purchased/rented? (check as many as apply): ☐vibrator ☐dildo ☐lube ☐lingerie ☐porn other than **On Our Backs** ☐CD/cassette ☐leather/SM/fetish wear ☐porn/erotic video

Do you smoke? ☐yes ☐no

What do you drink? ☐beer ☐wine ☐spirits ☐I don't drink

II. How did you find us?

How do you get **On Our Backs**?

☐subscribe ☐buy at bookstores ☐beg, steal, borrow

If you have a subscription, how did you subscribe:

☐card in magazine ☐our toll-free number ☐letter

☐gift ☐World Wide Web

Is there a bookstore in your area that should carry **On Our Backs**, but doesn't? name of store _____ city, state _____

How did you hear about **On Our Backs**?

☐friend/lover ☐club ☐bookstore

☐I'm a previous subscriber ☐Girlfriends magazine

☐Pride festival (please specify): _____

☐lesbian/gay event (please specify): _____

III. How are we doing?

Please rate our pictorials using the following scale (circle one number per image):

Love it=1

Like it=2

It's Okay=3

Despise it=4

OCT/NOV98



1 2 3 4

DEC/JAN99



1 2 3 4

FEB/MAR99



1 2 3 4

APR/MAY99



1 2 3 4

THIS ISSUE



1 2 3 4



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1 2 3 4

Please rate our stories using the following scale (write number on line):

Love it=1

Like it=2

It's Okay=3

Despise it=4

FEATURES

___ Girls on Film (lesbian sex on film) ___ Knocked Sexless (sex and celibacy)

___ Dangerous Liaisons ("edge play") ___ Sex for Survivors (sex for abuse

survivors) ___ Is SM on the Way Out? (somasochism today)

INTERVIEWS

___ Nina Hartley, feminist porn star ___ Candye Kane, singer and fat activist

___ Leslie Feinberg, transgender warrior ___ Diane DiMassa, *Hothead Paisan*

cartoonist ___ Joan Nestle, femme activist ___ Candida Royalle, feminist

porno maker ___ Barbara Smith, race activist

DEPARTMENTS

___ Letters from readers

___ Contributors

___ Letter From the Editor

___ Adventure Girl

___ The Doctor is nINa (advice)

___ Cheers and Jeers (quotes)

___ Back Talk (readers talk)

___ Read It (book reviews)

___ Cartoon

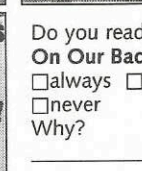
___ Try It (sex toy reviews)

___ Sex Couture (erotic fashion)

___ Watch It (video reviews)

___ How-To

Please CIRCLE your favorite cover; Please "X" OUT your least favorite:



Do you read fiction in **On Our Backs**

☐always ☐sometimes

☐never

Why? _____

What kind of models would you like to see MORE of?

(check one) ☐femme/feminine ☐butch ☐androgynous

(check one) ☐pierced/tattooed ☐not pierced or tattooed

(check one) ☐20-29 yrs ☐30-39 yrs ☐40-49 yrs ☐50+

Would you like to see a news section in **On Our Backs**? (coverage of censorship, sex activism, etc.) ☐yes ☐no

Please NUMBER IN ORDER the kind of sex you'd like to see MORE of in **On Our Backs**, with #1 being your top choice:

___ butch/femme

___ butch/butch

___ femme/femme

___ androgynous/no roles

In terms of SM and leatherdyke stuff, do you think we have:

☐too much ☐too little ☐just right

Would you like to see **On Our Backs** ☐stay at the same level of sexual explicitness ☐get more sexually explicit ☐get less sexually explicit

Your survey will be completely confidential; however, we need your name and address in order to process your free issue:

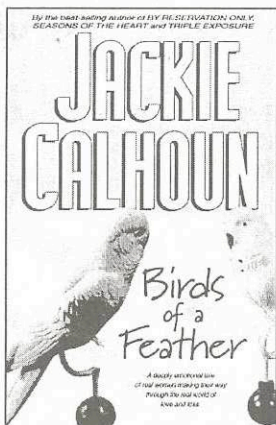
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I am 18 or over _____
(signature)

PLEASE MAIL ENTIRE PAGE TO: **On Our Backs** Survey 1999; 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. Surveys must be postmarked by August 1, 1999 to receive a free issue.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

by Jackie Calhoun

Joan McKenzie is beginning to question her life's choices. Living alone and juggling two jobs to pay her mortgage aren't what she would have planned for herself. Rather than finishing her education, she put all her energy into training dogs and showing horses. After she was dumped by the woman for whom she left her marriage, Joan couldn't get into the dating scene. She thought the only things that kept her going were her dog, her love of the outdoors, and her long-term relationship with

her best friend, Diane. Just when she least expects it, two exciting new women walk into her life . . . and a dramatic change in Diane's situation will soon give Joan a chance for a brand new start.

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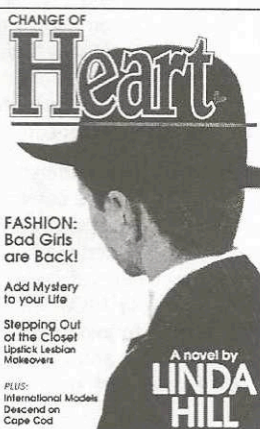
by Linda Hill

At the age of 38, British supermodel Julia Westgate watches in panic as her career begins to decline.

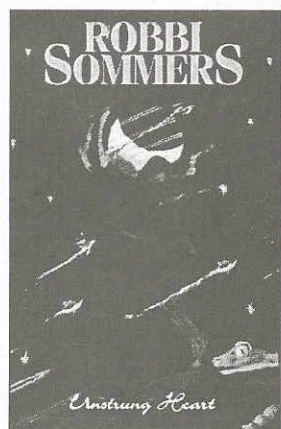
While on a shoot in Boston, Julia carefully disguises herself, then sneaks out to a secluded lesbian bar. There she meets local journalist Cory Hayes. After spending a passionate weekend with Julia, Cory is devastated when she wakes up to an empty bed.

Weeks later in a supermarket check-out line, Cory's jaw drops when she sees an exquisite face on the cover of a fashion magazine.

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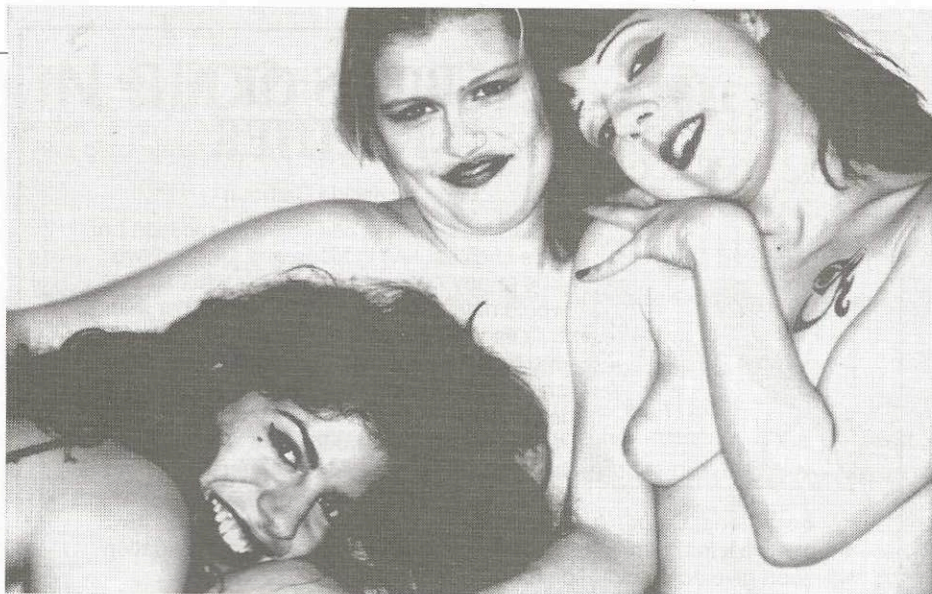
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back talk

How Was Your Three-some?

Compiled by Yetta Howard



I was playing Scrabble with a couple of friends, when we started to joke about the word "fuck" as being on one of the triple-word scores. And then we weren't joking anymore. Two of us pulled off our third friend's clothes. One of us got her cunt, one of us got her ass. After we were finished with her, she fingered us both. Unfortunately, I ended up with a yeast infection because the same finger was used for both of us, not to mention that the Scrabble board was so badly dented afterwards that we couldn't use it again. *Sabrina*

In my first threesome, I was the proverbial third wheel. My two partners eventually ended up running off together and leaving me behind. And I still suspect that they used to wait until they thought I was asleep, then have sex next to me, so that I wouldn't have to be involved! I'm almost relieved that we're no longer on speaking terms. *Jamie*

Which one? There was the time I had done so much acid that I kept mistaking this guy's beard for a vagina and kept sticking my finger in it. Then there was the time when we

were all drinking wine by a quarry. I thought it was going to be a threesome, and I began to kiss this girl's nipple. When I saw the look on my girlfriend's face, I realized that not only would there be no threesome, but I would also be traveling solo. Now I just photograph threesomes; it's much easier. *Lee*

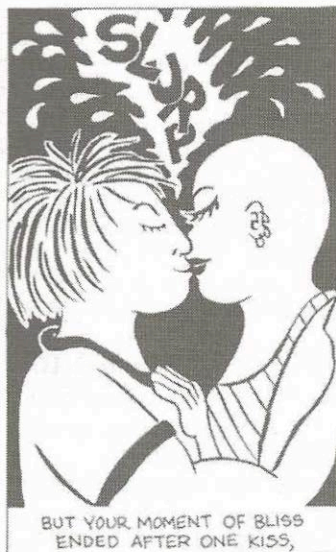
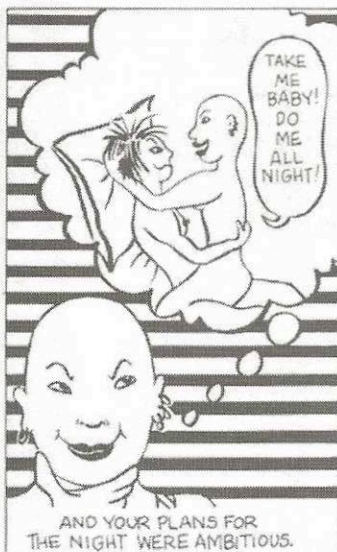
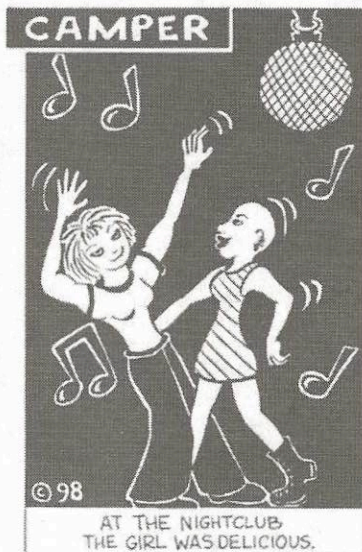
My lover and I were both in the shower when we heard our third roommate come home. We jumped out of the shower and made her join us in a sordid sex game. We tied our roommate up to the toilet and made her watch us as we went back into the shower to fuck. This made her mad since she wanted to join us. We retied her to the base of the toilet and made her eat us both with her hands tied behind her back. *Vanda*

It was our regular girlfriends' night: staying up late, watching movies, drinking wine. The conversation was sexy like it always was, but there was something slightly different. At first I thought it was just the wine when my roommate Brianna's thigh pressed mine, but then Lynn's fingers were in my hair pulling me toward her. It was perfect—the rest of the night was all sensation and soft flesh. *Chris*

I met this kinky, married couple and started seeing them. At the time, I was recovering from a broken heart, so it worked really well—I could just step into a caring relationship. The sex was great, but my favorite part of being with them wasn't even about sex. I loved how we became a mini-family. I need a lot of attention, and with two people, I got it. *Jenni*

I was at an adult bookstore, for the first time in my life, when this girl asked me to go back to her place with her. When I got to the car, she said her lover was going to follow us. I freaked but thought, "Why not?" During the whole ride I was shaking to death, but when we got there the three of us sat down, talked, and then ravished each other. It was so good that I went back about 10 more times. I would still like to go back for more. *Maria*

TELL US! What celebrity would you like to bang, and why? Let us know by July 31, 1999, and we'll send you a free issue. Write On Our Backs 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax 415-648-4705, e-mail staff@gfriends.com.



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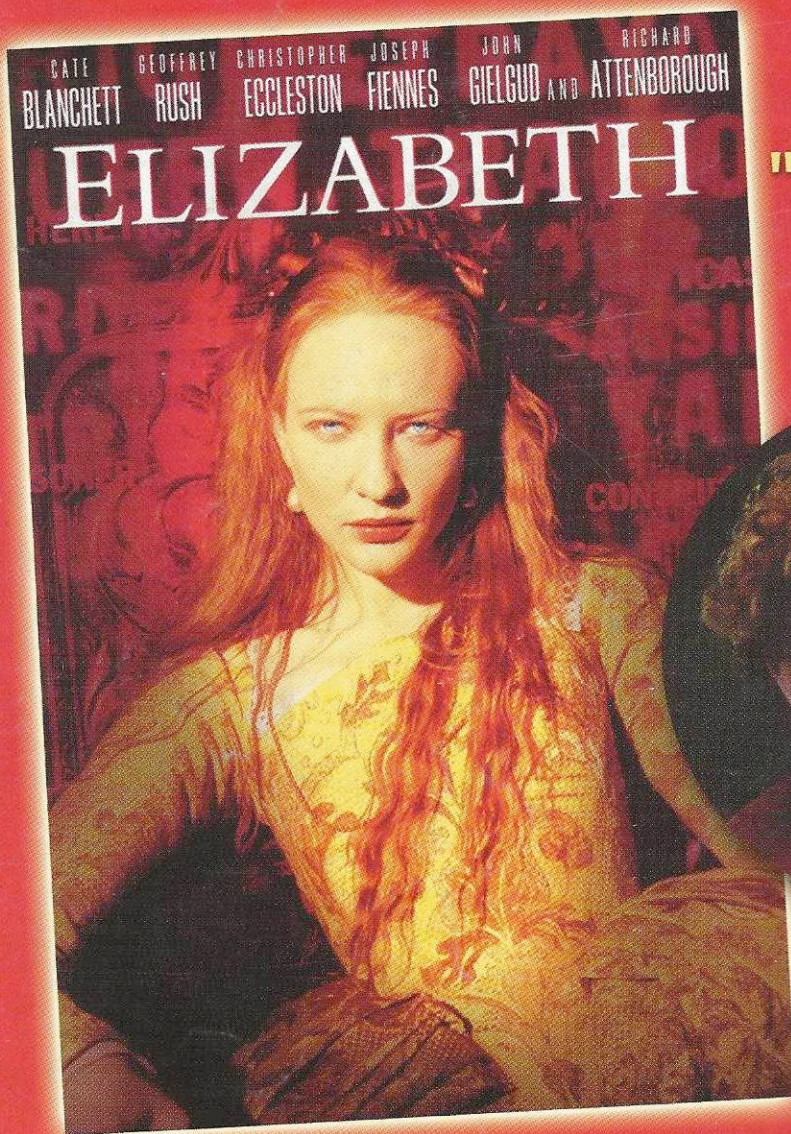
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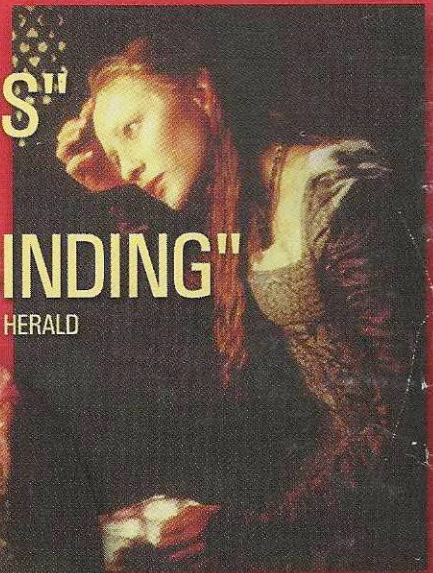
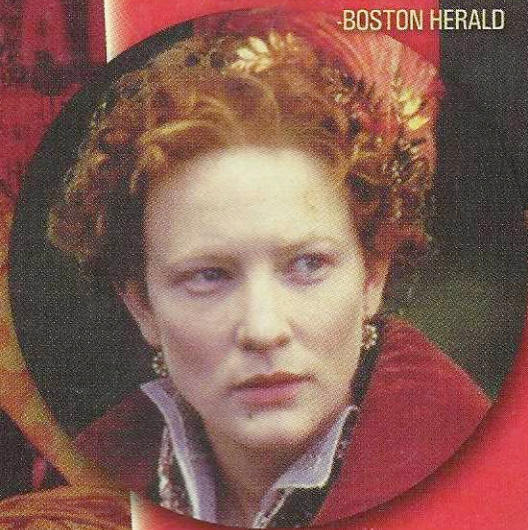


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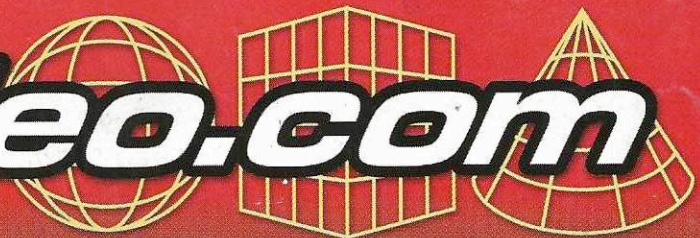
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